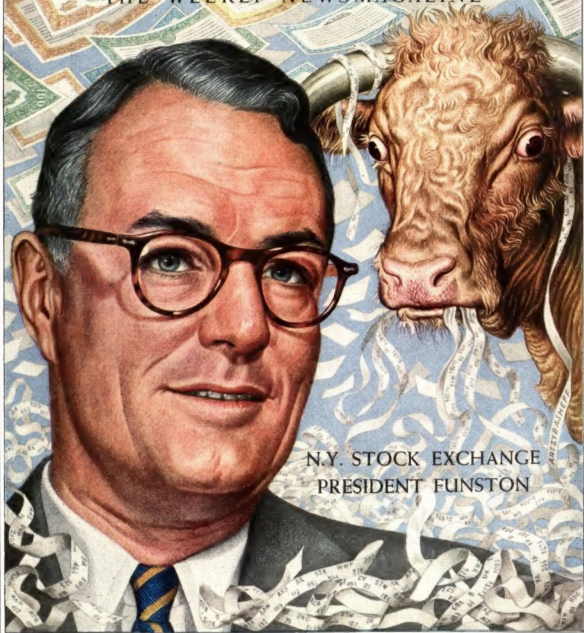


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NOVEMBER 21, 1955

TIME

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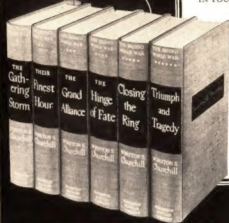


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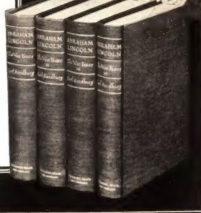
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LETTERS

Margaret's Decision

Sir: Meg made the only right decision. What true parent would wish his daughter to marry a divorced father of two children, 16 years her senior?

F. C. DENHAM

Scotia, N.Y.

Sir: The eloquent faces of the two young people placed on the rack by the churchmen of England make one wonder if we are not still living in the Dark Ages...

Mrs. E. B. BENSON

Vermillion, S. Dak.

Sir: We commoners should welcome the "hero of Britain" as a citizen of this country. Here, divorce is a matter of individual conscience, not affecting the security of the state, the church or the people.

FLOY G. APPLEGATE

Whittier, Calif.

Sir: As a British subject, I am delighted with Princess Margaret's decision. She has shown us she is a young woman with high principles. In this day and age, when so much glamor is attached to the "Hollywood type," it is refreshing to see this example shown by our Princess, who is mature enough to know the importance of duty to church and family.

JUNE L. HORNBY

Lincoln, Neb.

Sir: Has not poor Margaret been through enough lately? Why this Koch cover [Nov. 7] to add insult to injury? Without her name being printed in the lower right-hand corner, guessing the identity of this insipid suburban debutante would be impossible. Accept ten demerits while I go on pulling at my smelling salts to get over the bad case of the "uglies" you have given me.

JOHN BEARDSLEY

Philadelphia

Sir: Koch's portrait is charming—fresh as springtime.

D. LEWIS

San Francisco

Sir: Isn't it curious that Prince Philip, who just a short time ago was a penniless young man himself, aspiring to marriage with the

most eligible young future Queen of Great Britain, should have been such a fire-and-tones enemy of Townsend, and of Margaret's marriage. It would be interesting to know to just what extent this man is dominating the throne of Britain and the three women that make up the royal family. I am the mother of two, and believe there were strong arguments on both sides of the Margaret-Townsend question, but I'd hate to think that a modern villain—disguised as a Prince Charming—was wielding unseen power in Buckingham Palace.

EDITH D. STIMSON

New York City

Punitive Measures

Sir: I have been wondering who wrote your Cinema reviews, and now I am satisfied to see that his face [Oct. 31] goes with the mind. A more supercilious, all-knowing, smart-alecky mien I've yet to see. It seems a shame that a man of his wit and writing ability doesn't remember that constructive criticism is always worth more than destructive criticism.

(Mrs.) ANNIS JEROFF

Winnipeg

Sir: Glad to know who your Cinema reviewer is. I laugh like a loon at his witticisms.

G. ADAMS

Chicago

Sir: I do have some bones to pick with your movie reviewer, Brad Darrach. My wife and I love movies, and practically supported Hollywood singlehanded through its lean years. Darrach has been spoiling pictures for us ever since he took his senior editor's advice ("Sure, sure, but what was the movie about?") so literally.

ROGER L. BUTLER

New York City

Sir: The puns in your movie reviews are not only going from Brad to worse, but are getting so heavy-handed they will probably have to be removed by a Darrach.

BURLING LOWREY

Lawrence, Kans.

Problems at the Pulpit

Sir: Thanks to TIME, Oct. 31 for quoting from the *Christian Century* article on Protestant paranoia. I wasn't aware that there was at

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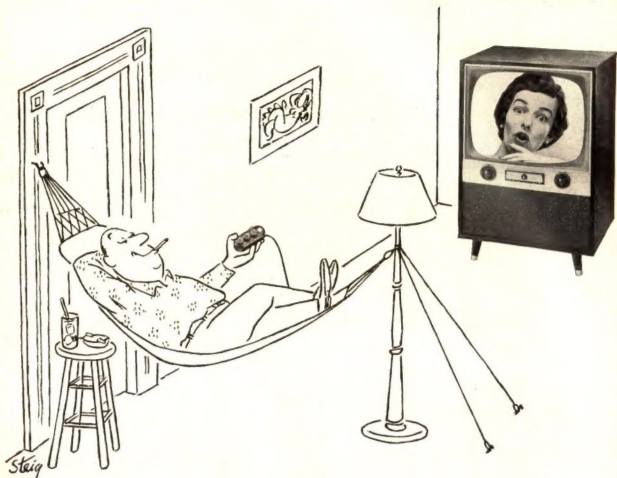
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TIME
November 21, 1955

Volume LXVI
Number 21

TIME, NOVEMBER 21, 1955



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THE MOST TREASURED
NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

this time a renaissance of Reformation rancor. I thought that Protestantism, after all these years, had crystallized into something more than a negation. The pity is that we haven't learned to disagree without being disagreeable.

This is being written by one of those "fairly clumsy Irish hands."

TOM NEWBURY

Tiberton, R.I.

Sir:

Protestants have good reason to get upset. They are faced with a steady and alarming rise in Roman Catholic membership and power in the U.S. Attacking Catholicism is hardly a solution. Instead, Protestant churchmen might try preaching the Holy Bible and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. If this were done, Protestantism would again have appeal as true Christianity, and Roman error would naturally be unable to cope with the light of Truth.

ANDY STUDEBAKER

Seattle

Double Feature

Sir:

Was Artist Sutherland trying to do in oils what Rodin did in bronze? Sutherland's



Museum of Modern Art

ROBED AUTHORS

robed Churchill [Oct. 31] and Rodin's robed Balzac bear a close resemblance—in form if not in feeling.

BARBARA FELIX

Redwood City, Calif.

¶ For famous look-alikes, see cuts. —Ed.

How's Your Heart?

Sir:

Your Oct. 31 article on heart disease was excellent, but apt to mislead a good many people in various ways. You make out that our hectic way of life is the cause of it. The reason for our high percentage of deaths from heart disease is that we are very long-living people. The older a person is when he dies, the more likely he is to die of heart disease. You make out that we Americans have the highest percentage of deaths from heart disease of any country in the world. The Australians claim to be the laziest and most easygoing people in the civilized world, but in New South Wales, the most populous state in Australia, 31.46% of all deaths are due to heart disease.

The percentages of deaths from all causes must naturally add up to 100. As medical science eliminates one cause of death after another, the percentages must still add up to 100. That is what confuses people. We all must die of something. There is only

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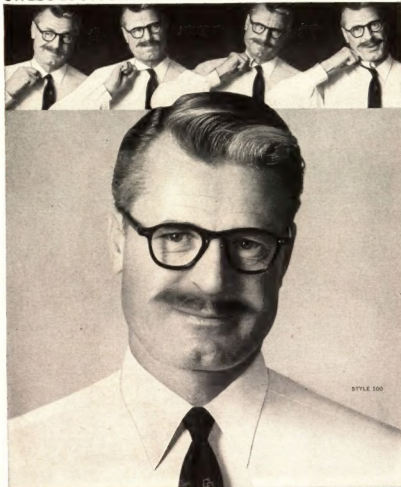
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one way to decrease our percentage of deaths from heart disease, and that is to increase our percentage of deaths from other things. What would you like to have increased?

HUGH MORRISON

Mays Landing, N. J.

Sir:

Dr. Page bemoans the fact that specialists seem to have subdivided the human body and that there should be someone who can see it as a whole. The one member of the profession who never ceases to think of the patient as an entity, as a human being and not as a disjointed pathological specimen, is the family doctor—the general practitioner who can ably treat 80-90% of all ills "to which flesh is heir" . . .

EDWIN MATLIN

Mt. Holly Springs, Pa.

Sir:

We were all very pleased with the moderate tone and accuracy of the reporting and also the general interest of the article.

IRVINE H. PAGE

Cleveland Clinic
Cleveland

Down on the Farm (Contd.)

Sir:

Having been active as a sponsor of the Future Farmers of America, I was, of course, tremendously interested in your excellent Oct. 24 article. We all appreciate it very much.

GRAHAM PATTERSON
Publisher

Farm Journal
Philadelphia

Sir:

Why is Joe Moore described as a boy who wears clothes rank with sweat and caked with grease from his tractor? He walks with long steps, and his shoes are half eaten off by manure acids. After dinner he stretches out on the parlor floor and remarks in a corny fashion: "let my cats settle." Is this the true picture of F.F.A.'s Star Farmer? Or is it a rut writers often fall into when describing farm people? You can't have a farm radio program without having hill-billy music; maybe the same has to be in farm articles.

STEPHEN S. ZECHMAN

Columbus, Ohio

The Farmer's Friend?

Sir:

It appears that Adlai Stevenson chose to pledge himself in favor of 90% parity supports not so much for the good it would do the farmer and the nation in general but rather for the good it would do for the Democratic Party. Despite his pledge, there is no indication that Mr. Stevenson is convinced it is a good farm policy.

I feel that anyone who would commit himself to something he does not honestly believe merely for the sake of a few (or even a great many) votes, might do almost anything. Who knows? If he is willing to trade personal belief for votes, he might, if elected, surpass the trading at Yalta. While my vote is not yet for anyone, it is certainly against Stevenson.

ARTHUR PAUL LÓPEZ

South San Francisco

Why Republicans Can Read

Sir:

Creighton Merrell will no doubt be happy with the *Democratic Digest* (Oct. 24). While unhappily there are more Democrats than Republicans, it would also seem reasonable that TIME might slant its views a little to the party having the greater number of

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constituents who are able to read. As the old story goes, the Arkansas patriarch stated he was proud of all his nine boys except one, and he turned out to be a Republican—funny thing about him though, he was the only one who went off and learned how to read.

WILLIAM F. QUINN

Los Angeles

Sir:

Merrell's letter certainly proves he's a true Democrat; in fact, Harry himself might have written it. I am sure we are all happy Merrell's subscription to *TIME* expires; the value of such an intelligently edited magazine has probably always escaped him.

MRS. JOE COLEMAN

Venice, Calif.

Sir:

Anent Merrell's reference to the *Democratic Digest*: I have seen that eager periodical, and truly it contains the handwriting on the wall—the lavatory wall.

FRANKLIN COURTNEY ELLIS

Huhsard Woods, Ill.

Slugging It Out

Sir:

Re that Oct. 24 letter of Robert Potter's: especially satisfying was Potter's pinpointing of some of your pontifical composites. But there are three items that keep me bound to your subscription list: 1) *TIME* is first on the scene to point out and do battle with totalitarians of right and left, and, once involved, it slugs it out no matter what; 2) *TIME* carries the torch high for human dignity and equality; 3) *TIME* has consistently had the courage to print the words of its most biting critics in its wonderful Letters column.

MURRAY SHAPIRO

Los Angeles

The Gallant Pole

Sir:

Your Oct. 31 report on the death in a Moscow prison of General L. Okulicki, one of the Polish underground leaders lured into Soviet captivity in March 1945, did not identify the Soviet general who guaranteed the personal safety of these Poles with his "word of honor." This Russian officer was none other than Marshal Zhukov. General Okulicki had been a Soviet prisoner once before. He was captured by the Soviets in 1939 (Molotov-Ribbentrop pact). After his release following the Nazi attack on the U.S.S.R., he personally affronted Stalin at a reception given in the Kremlin for Polish officers, released from Soviet P.W. camps, who were then organizing a Polish Army in the U.S.S.R. He later fought in Italy but volunteered for underground action when his son was killed by the Germans. He was parachuted into Poland in 1944. His death in 1946 of "natural causes" in a Russian prison may have some connection with the Kremlin incident, for Stalin is said to have had a long memory.

Z. K. BRZEZINSKI

Department of Government
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

Turk v. Greek (Contd.)

Sir:

I was simply aghast when I read Mr. Suat Ezer's letter to *TIME* [Oct. 31], to think that a man of the 20th century could condone rampant physical violence, as was recently witnessed in the terrible calamity that befell the Christian and Jewish minorities in Turkey.

ANDREW T. KOPAN

Chicago



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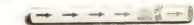
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TIME, NOVEMBER 21, 1955



Dear TIME-Reader:

THIS was the year, it seems,
when nearly everybody who
had never gone abroad made it.
Neighbors from Tulsa, Wheeling
and Santa Barbara ran into neigh-
bors in Regent Street, Place Pigalle
and Via Veneto. A neighbor of TIME
Advertising Salesman Crowell Had-
den learned the hard way how small
the world has become. At home in
Glen Cove, L.I., he had bet \$100
that he could stop smoking longer
than Hadden. One night in Paris,
not long after, Hadden spotted his
friend in a dim Left Bank cave.
"There he was," Hadden chuckled,
"relaxed and happy—with smoke
curling from his cigarette."

Hadden, who has helped bring
TIME a greater dollar volume of
travel advertising than any other
magazine, has covered some 200-
000 miles in the U.S., Europe and
Latin America in the past eight
years. On a recent 10,000-mile trip
to Europe, he noted that the tradi-

tional off season is no longer off.
Hotel and transportation facilities
are still booked up to capacity.

Main purpose of his trip was to
attend the 25th world travel con-
gress of the American Society of
Travel Agents in Lausanne. There
he heard estimates that by the end
of this year some 61 million U.S.
citizens alone will have taken vaca-
tion trips at home or abroad, cost-
ing a stupendous \$25 billion.

Hadden's message to the 1,892
delegates was that much of this
travel is inspired by news stories
about people and places as well as
scenic color spreads such as those
that appear regularly in TIME. To
prove his point, he tested the dele-
gates with a panel of numbered pic-
tures that had illustrated TIME sto-
ries. A surprising
number of dele-
gates knew all the
answers. Still there
were skeptics.

He lunched with
three of the skeptics—an airline ex-
ecutive and two hotelmen—a week
later in a famed
Rome restaurant.
To disprove Had-
den's claim that
confirmed travel-
ers are more likely
than not confirmed TIME readers,
the airline executive asked four
English-speaking travelers at an ad-
joining table if any of them read
TIME. It turned out that one was a
Milan subscriber to our Atlantic
edition, and the other three read
TIME's U.S. edition. "What's more,"
one volunteered, "I've been a TIME
subscriber 23 years."

Said the airline executive: "I'll
buy the drinks."

MARTIN GELVES



SALESMAN HADDEN

Cordially yours,

James A. Linn

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At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning that might well include a talk with your Massachusetts Mutual man.

Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company
Springfield, Massachusetts

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Man in Motion

The executive Power shall be vested in a President of the United States of America . . .

—The U.S. Constitution

Twenty steps up to the ninth floor, 20 down: Ike trained for the *Columbine's* 10-step ramp. When Guatemalan President Castillo Armas arrived to visit Ike, the *Washington Post* and *Times Herald's* Eddie Follard went along, too. Later Follard told the press corps: "It's obvious that he's lost weight, as the doctors wanted him to. He looks completely lean. His color is good. He has a ruddy look. His eyes seem clear. He was animated, as he always has been, a man in motion . . . lean and sharp."

Down four pounds to his West Point weight of 172, Ike was impatient to get going. Reporters asked Dr. Paul Dudley White when Ike would be in a position to decide his political future. Not until January at least, said White. Even more cautious was Ike's personal doctor, Major General Howard Snyder (who lost 6 lbs. during Ike's illness). "I kind of think a bit longer," said he, "bit longer." For the rest of his last week in Denver, however, Ike began presidential duties in earnest. He received a stream of reports on the Geneva conference and Middle East crisis, welcomed more visitors, issued more orders. Other presidential work done:

¶ With Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Marion Folsom, he discussed possible improvements in Administration proposals for federal aid to education, expressed pleasure at the news that the Salk vaccine has reduced paralytic polio an average 75%.

¶ To Kliment Voroshilov, chairman of Russia's Supreme Soviet Presidium, he sent a personal letter marking the 38th Soviet national anniversary.

¶ Significantly omitting a laborious presidential task of personally receiving new foreign emissaries, his staff announced routine receipt of accreditations for the new Ambassadors of Lebanon, Laos, Luxembourg, Iceland and Pakistan.

¶ Through Acting Secretary of State Herbert Hoover Jr. he conveyed a plea for restraint in the Middle East (see below).

¶ With "deepest regret," he accepted the resignation of Bernard M. Shamley, White House appointment secretary and former

presidential counsel, who left to "resolve some of my pressing personal problems."

Said the final Denver medical bulletin on Patient No. 3919011, issued the day before discharge: "... Laboratory studies and cardiograms are satisfactory. His heart continues to show no enlargement."

"After a Summer's Stay." Freezing and drizzly, Veterans' Day dawned sluggishly in Denver as Ike arose early,



Mont Walker—LIFE

THE PRESIDENT IN WASHINGTON
Back to accustomed duties.

scanned newspapers and prepared to go downstairs for the first time in seven weeks. At 8:25 a.m., wearing a camel's-hair polo coat and soft brown fedora, he stepped smilingly out of Fitzsimons Army Hospital, accompanied by Mamie and her mother, Mrs. Doud. As patients shouted goodbye and flashbulbs popped, Ike entered his limousine and was whisked off to Lowry Air Force Base under an unexpected outburst of sunshine.

The sun vanished behind cold grey mist as Ike followed Mamie up the Washington ramp. Halfway, he turned, doffed his hat and, in the raw wind, addressed well-wishers: "My friends, again it is time for Mrs. Eisenhower and me to say good-

bye to Denver after a summer's stay. This time we leave under somewhat unusual circumstances. As you know, I have spent some time in the hospital. Such a time is not wholly a loss.

"Misfortune, and particularly misfortune of illness, brings to all of us an understanding of how good people are . . . Goodbye and good luck."

No Bulldozing. As a military band blared *The National Emblem March*, the door slammed behind Ike, and the *Columbine* rolled slowly onto the runway. Then, blinking big red lights, it roared into the murky air. An hour later, at 17,000 ft., the silvery plane droned smoothly through clear blue skies. Ignoring his made-up bed, Ike strolled forward into the cockpit as the *Columbine* circled over Abilene, Kans., giving him a look at his boyhood home before lunch (steak broiled aboard).

Four hours and 50 minutes after take-off, the *Columbine* landed at Washington National Airport. Beaming as he helped Mamie down the ramp, Ike waved at dozens of assembled Government officials, shook hands warmly with Vice President Nixon and onetime President Herbert Hoover, roundly bussed his son John's wife Barbara. Then, turning to the microphone at the ramp's foot, he said:

"I am deeply honored that so many of you should have come down to welcome Mrs. Eisenhower and I back to Washington. It has been a little longer than we had planned, but the circumstances you will understand.

"I am happy that the doctors have given me at least a parole, if not a pardon, and I expect to be back at my accustomed duties, although they say I must ease my way into them and not bulldoze my way into them . . ."

As Ike and Mamie drove slowly along Constitution Avenue in a Plexiglas-topped Lincoln, Ike broke his doctors' orders and waved strenuously to thousands of spectators lined along the curbs. Military hands thumped in greeting, while here and there "We Like Ike" signs festooned sober-faced Government buildings. When he stepped into the White House, which seemed drowsy as a pyramid after nearly two months, Washington found its focus again. More than any other President, Dwight Eisenhower had tried to distribute and delegate the awesome powers of his office. Yet, as all the world knew, the responsibility even in illness remained



Hank Walker—Life

THE EISENHOWERS & WHITE HOUSE STAFF A drowsy pyramid awoke.

his. His return to Washington meant that he had shouldered the burden again.

Next day, resting before Gettysburg, Ike was out back in the autumn sun, putting on the lawn, as if he had never been away.

Gettysburg Address

The White House is not a home, but the Gettysburg farm, 81 miles away, more than fills the bill. Spreading below Seminary Ridge, steeped in the spent passion of a great battle, the farm's 496 acres are a haven where Dwight Eisenhower can peacefully convalesce only 25 minutes by air from the capital.

From the Gettysburg post office, Ike will direct the affairs (though not the panoply) of state—but he will spend as much time alone on the farm as he can. There, aside from watchful Secret Service men, only Mamie, Master Sergeant John Moa-

ney (Ike's valet) and Mrs. Mooney will share his privacy. The farm remains the quiet refuge Ike envisioned in 1950 as his first permanent home.

Black Angus, White Fence. Then it was a tired, 189-acre dairy farm, worked for 30 years by Allen S. Redding. Sight unseen, Ike paid \$23,000 for Redding's house and land. He split operating costs with famed Presidential Jester George E. Allen, who owns a nearby 80-acre farm, then left for Paris to command NATO. Until he returned to become President, the farm, its topsoil worn away in supporting Redding's 42 milch cows and heifers, was a losing proposition. Ike sold his share of the operation to Allen, who switched it to grassland cultivation and replaced the milch cows with Black Angus cattle. Allen employs retired Brigadier General Arthur Nevins, who served Ike as a World War II staff planner, to man-

age operations; work is done by Farmers Ivan Feaster and Dale Newman.

As President, Ike expanded his retreat to get more privacy, bought two more farms and two smaller plots that brought his property, now worth more than \$250,000, to the battlefield's western edge. Using profits from his book, *Crusade in Europe*, he renovated the drafty, 100-year-old, nine-room house by adding two wings. It emerged as a 14-room air-conditioned mansion, surrounded by a whitewashed fence and sentry boxes at the gate for uniformed White House guards.

Putting to Pickett. Farmer Redding's original red brick house, now painted white, contains the dining room and a modernized version of the big, old-fashioned kitchen that delighted Mamie when she first saw it. In the new north wing living room is a white marble fireplace brought to the White House by President Pierce in 1854, junked by President Arthur in 1882 and tracked down through the Smithsonian Institution by White House aides, who secretly installed it at Gettysburg. Upstairs are six bedrooms and a studio in which Ike can paint as he looks out over the Blue Ridge. His other hobbies are served by a new putting green and a pond freshly stocked with bass.

In the new fieldstone south wing is Ike's home workshop. A small office contains a well-thumbed set of Winston Churchill's memoirs, a telephone directly connected to the White House, a portrait of Lincoln. Adjoining is Ike's beam-ceilinged study, a 12-by-18-ft. room with a masculine air: soft leather lounge chairs, an old Dutch oven, a pine cabinet built from discarded White House timbers. On one wall is a reproduction of a cyclorama (TIME, July 5, 1954) of the Gettysburg battlefield, showing locations of men, guns and horses on July 3, 1863, when Pickett charged toward Cemetery Ridge, just over two miles from Ike's window sill.

After Pioneering. Four miles northeast of Ike's new address (Route 10, Box 218 Gettysburg) is sleepy Gettys-



George Shepperson—Life

THE EISENHOWER HOME AT GETTYSBURG Where Pickett charged and Lincoln spoke, a quiet haven.

burg (pop. 7,046) and the little Presbyterian Church which Lincoln visited after he spoke. There Ike's presidential office, newly daubed a pale green, has been fashioned from a first-floor room at the post office, usually occupied by Town Postmaster Lawrence Oyley, who has moved into the mailroom. Ike's Sherman Adams and staff will work on the second floor, confining presidential business to the post office and respecting Ike's passion for privacy on the farm. Facilities for Cabinet and National Security Council meetings are at Ike's Catocin Mountain retreat at Camp David, Md., 20 miles away.

Adams and staff will live at the 30-year-old Gettysburg Hotel, which has spent \$30,000 converting an adjoining basketball court into a bright new press headquarters for 60 reporters. In the town's small Annie M. Warner Hospital, one room with an electric-lift bed has been set aside for Ike by his physician, Major General Howard Snyder, in the event of any emergency.

In these restful yet well-equipped surroundings near where one Nicholas Eisenhower, an ancestor of the President, established a farm in 1753, and one Captain Dwight Eisenhower commanded a World War I tank unit at Camp Colt, the President this week settled down to bringing himself and his Government back to the condition of vigor and motion in which he left for Denver long weeks ago.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Dimensions of a Crisis

The most urgent problem confronting the President on his return from Denver was the stability of the Middle East. The Communists recently began shipping a consignment of 100 tanks, 200 jets and two submarines to Egypt, and now Israel was asking the U.S. for arms. If the President rejected the Israeli request, the huge new Communist commitment would eventually tip the balance of power in the Middle East. If the President sent arms to Israel, he would antagonize the oil-rich Arab states. Beyond the specifics of his dilemma lay the question of whether the President could much longer maintain the U.S. policy of "impartial friendship" toward both Arabs and Israelis.

Lines of Approach. The Administration's policy towards the Middle East was most clearly defined last year by Ambassador to Egypt Henry Byroade, at that time Assistant Secretary of State. To the Israelis he said: "You should come to truly look upon yourselves as a Middle Eastern state and see your future in that context rather than as a headquarters—or nucleus so to speak—of worldwide groupings of peoples of a particular religious faith who must have special rights within and obligations to the Israeli state. You should drop the attitude of the conqueror and the conviction that force and a policy of retaliatory killings is the only policy that your neighbors will understand." To the Arabs Byroade said: "You should accept this state of Israel as an accomplished

fact. You are deliberately attempting to maintain a state of affairs delicately suspended between peace and war—while at present desiring neither."

Meanwhile, the Communists frankly courted the Arabs. They made no attempt, as did the U.S., to be impartial, but shouted loudly for the 45 million Arabs against the 1.7 million Israelis. The Communists also agreed to accept part-payment for their military planes in Egyptian cotton: the Communist states need cotton while the U.S. does not. Furthermore, the U.S. has the power to dump its own cotton surplus on world markets, a potential threat to the fragile Egyptian economy.

Against the Aggressor. Last week from Denver the President issued a cautious statement on the dilemma: "While we continue willing to consider requests for arms needed for legitimate self-defense, we do not intend to contribute to arms

The Israeli Ambassador

The man with the job of getting U.S. arms for Israel is Abba Eban, 40, for five years Israeli ambassador to Washington.

Patient and persuasive, Abba Eban is rated highly by the U.S. and foreign diplomats who work with him. Sympathizers to Israel consider him one of the five ablest diplomats in Washington; opponents call him a nuisance or a menace, but none dispute his cleverness. "Eban is super-able," said one diplomat, a neutral. "He fences a beautiful duel with words."

Abba Eban was born in Cape Town, South Africa in 1915. He moved on to London in 1922, studied and later taught Arabic, Hebrew and Persian at Cambridge. He once debated the case that the British educational system at Cambridge was insupportable "because it professed to educate a governing class which could not govern." Eban went to the World



Israel's Ambassador Eban & Foreign Minister Sharett
Against a policy of impartial friendship, a state of peacelessness.

competition in the Near East." Israeli officials in Washington interpreted the statement favorably and set to work drawing up a list of "defensive" weapons needed, according to one officer, "to enable us to defend ourselves against attack by Stalin tanks under MIG cover."* U.S. Government departments will review and report upon the Israeli list; then it will be for the President to decide what arms, if any, to send.

As fighting sputtered once more along the desolate and peaceless border, the U.S. and Britain formally warned both Israel and Egypt that they would range themselves against whichever side started a "preventive war."

* One of the byproducts of U.S. planes to Israel might be a chance for the F-86 to demonstrate, as the Korean war first proved, that the highly touted Russian MIG-15 is an inferior aircraft.

Zionist Congress in Geneva in August 1939, then joined the British army, rising from private to major in seven years. In 1946, he began working full time for the emerging Jewish state, first as an information officer in London, then as a delegate to the U.N. In May 1950, he was appointed Ambassador to the U.S., the youngest diplomat to hold such a rank in Washington.

Abba Eban who last week welcomed his Foreign Minister, Moshe Sharett, in the U.S. on a bond-raising tour, was one of the very few diplomats who predicted that Egypt's rising young Colonel Nasser would elect to join neither West nor East but Nehru's neutralists. For all his urbanity, Abba Eban sometimes argues his case with a touch of bitterness and bite. "Israel," he once said, "stands out as an island of freedom in the wilderness of despotism."

ELECTIONS

Democrats in Front

After their political Geiger counter had picked up the clicks from last week's local elections across the U.S., the national chairmen of the Democratic and Republican Parties were ready with separate and distinct analyses. Glowed Democrat Paul Butler: "After making full allowance for local factors, there is no doubt that this has national significance. The vote yesterday was clearly a further vote of confidence in the Democratic Party." Grumped Republican Leonard Hall: "Tuesday's elections had no national significance. It is a mistake to read a national trend into these local elections in an off year."

The soundest interpretation, as usual, lay somewhere between. The Democrats won the elections, but it would have been surprising if they had not won. The congressional elections of 1954, which took both the House and the Senate away from the G.O.P., established that the Democratic Party has an edge when the issues are more local than national and when neither Dwight Eisenhower's name nor his Administration's record are directly at issue. Last week's results confirmed that political fact, and extended it slightly.

The fact that the Democrats elected a governor of Kentucky and a mayor of Philadelphia was no surprise, but in both cases the margins of victory were considerably bigger than anyone expected them to be. Democrats gained in New Jersey, Connecticut and New York, but not nearly so much as the Democratic administrations there had hoped to gain. Perhaps the most significant results came in weather-averse Indiana, where Democrats scored their biggest victory ever in municipal elections. The only national issue that showed through in any of the elections was falling farm income, which had an effect in Kentucky and possibly in Indiana.

What all of last week's results added up to: there are still more Democrats than Republicans in the U.S.

Happy Time in Kentucky

Before election day in Kentucky last week, Democratic Candidate Albert Benjamin ("Happy") Chandler* predicted that he would be elected governor by a margin of 113,000 votes. Kentucky's best guessers scoffed that Happy's estimate was characteristically too high, guessed that he would win by no more than 70,000. When the votes were counted, it turned out that even Happy's happy estimate had been too cautious. He ran up a total of 457,185 votes to beat Republican Candidate Edwin R. Denney by 131,353, the biggest majority a candidate for governor ever piled up in Kentucky. Chandler's indestructible popularity in Kentucky and his ballad-singing, back-thumping campaign (TIME, Aug. 8) were key factors in the size of his victory. But



WINNER CHANDLER
For nobody else.

there was a national issue involved: falling prices on the farm. Chandler hit hard at U.S. Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson's farm program, crying: "Why, if you elect this fellow [Denney] this fall, next year he'll be helping Benson and those fellows up there." In rural Kentucky, there was a marked shift to the Democratic side from the 1954 congressional election, e.g., in west Kentucky's Hopkins County (tobacco), the Democrats gained 1,174 votes and the Republicans lost 317.

While the victory was sweet for Kentucky Democrats, it was sprinkled with some bitterness. The party had come through a shattering primary campaign in



WINNER DILWORTH
For men who fight.

which Chandler took on and whipped Judge Bert Combs, who had the support of the Democratic state machine and of Governor Lawrence Wetherby, U.S. Senator Earle Clements and Patriarch Alben Barkley. Although after the primary, Wetherby, Clements and Barkley faithfully swung in behind Nominee Chandler, the unkind cuts are not healed. Now that he has won, Chandler is expected to get right to work on his primary-announced aim to select a candidate who will beat Clements in next year's primary.

Another fruit of victory that disturbs some Democrats is the fact that Happy will control Kentucky's delegation to the 1956 National Convention. He has not said which candidate he favors, but his utterances have brought no comfort to Adlai Stevenson. He was for Georgia's U.S. Senator Richard Russell in 1952; he is expected to favor a candidate of conservative stripe in 1956. After setting himself up as a favorite-son candidate, Happy is expected to take to Chicago a delegation instructed to vote for him under the unit rule. From that position, he will be able to trade the Kentucky delegation for whatever he can get. Said one veteran Kentucky politician: "Happy will be for Happy and nobody else."

In last week's election, Kentucky voters approved (177,000 to 112,000) an amendment to the state constitution lowering the minimum age for voting from 21 to 18. Only one other state, Georgia, now permits voting at 18. An estimated 150,000 Kentuckians between 18 and 21 could qualify to vote in 1956 under the new rule.

Inside Philadelphia

When the Democratic landslide in Philadelphia was measured last week, many a Democratic politician (including National Chairman Paul Butler) hailed the results as a harbinger of 1956. But Mayor-elect Richardson Dilworth promptly announced that he did not consider his victory an indication of a national trend. Although Dilworth's statement brought puzzled frowns to some nationally oriented Democratic foreheads, it did not surprise many Philadelphians. Dilworth was more inclined to say what he thinks than what other politicians expect him to say.

A combat Marine veteran of both World Wars (an arm wound in the Soissons drive of 1918, a Silver Star from Guadalcanal), Yaleman Dilworth was a successful Philadelphia lawyer who had only dabbled in politics before 1947. Although the cause was hopeless, he ran as the Democratic candidate for mayor that year, made a street-corner campaign that startled a city accustomed to automatic Republican victories (TIME, Oct. 27, 1947). He lost by 92,000 votes, but two years later he helped lead the movement that broke the back of the G.O.P.'s notorious city machine and put Democrats in four key city offices. Elected city treasurer that year, Dilworth in 1951 was elected district attorney on a team that made his friend, Joseph S. Clark Jr., the

* Who served a term as Kentucky's governor in 1935-36, was U.S. Senator in 1939-45 and high commissioner of baseball in 1948-51.

first Democratic mayor of Philadelphia in 67 years.

An "Emotional Man." When Mayor Clark decided not to run this year the Democratic organization's support moved behind Dilworth. Now a suave, experienced politician at a handsome, trim 57, Dilworth was a logical choice. In a complete reversal of his 1947 experience, he became the candidate of an established organization running with a well-oiled machine. His Republican opponent, a young (35) advertising executive named William Thatcher Longstreth, was a newcomer with a tattered and split organization.

Although everyone expected Dilworth to win, both sides went at the battle with a roar. Dilworth conducted his usual street-corner campaign, often with his wife Anne and some of the eight Dilworth children (four by his first wife, two by his present wife, and her two children by a former marriage) in the entourage. The G.O.P. candidate for district attorney, Wilhelm F. Knauer, followed Dilworth around the city, would hold his own rally with the same crowd after Dilworth finished. Knauer began to attack Dilworth, and Dilworth fired back.

One night, at a meeting featuring candidates of both parties, Knauer charged that Dilworth had "smeared" him. When Dilworth got the floor, he pointed a finger at Knauer and shouted: "You're a mean, nasty little man. You've been going around street corners for two months and smearing me." That brought Longstreth, Dilworth's opponent, to his feet to point at Dilworth and ask of the crowd: "Do you think this man is emotionally and psychiatrically fit to be mayor?" Seizing the microphone, Dilworth cried: "Yes, I'm an emotional man, but I am a fighter. I have fought for Philadelphia because I love this city. Where would the cities of this country be if it were not for men like me who fight for them?"

The Worst Beating. The Republican National Committee made a mighty effort for Candidate Longstreth. Among first string Republicans who said a good word for the candidate: President Eisenhower, Vice President Nixon, Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey (who spoke at a \$100-a-plate Philadelphia G.O.P. dinner), National Chairman Leonard Hall, Pennsylvania's U.S. Senators Edward Martin and James Duff, and Indiana's Representative Charles Halleck.

In nearly every speech, Longstreth talked about his wish to bring "Eisenhower Republicanism" to Philadelphia. But he was unable to make the President of the U.S. an issue in the local campaign. Philadelphians knew that they had been getting good government, and they knew the veteran Dilworth far better than they knew amateur Longstreth. The final count: 420,099 for Dilworth to 288,646 for Longstreth. Although Dilworth's margin was less than Adlai Stevenson's Philadelphia margin over Dwight Eisenhower in 1952, it was the worst beating a Republican candidate for mayor of Philadelphia had ever taken.

Fright in Indiana

In municipal elections the voters of Indiana have a marked tendency to turn out the ins. Republicans went into the 1947 elections with mayors in 74 cities, came out with only 48. In 1951 Democrats held 54 city halls before election day and only 32 afterward. Last week Indiana voters jumped on the ins harder than ever, gave the Democrats control of 72 cities, leaving the Republicans with only 30, and completely reversing the pre-election balance.

Why was the shift so big? National observers blamed dissatisfaction with the Republican farm program, but Indiana observers thought that the issue had only slight—if any—effect. Said Democratic State Chairman Charles E. Skillen: "I



William Palmer—Indianapolis News
WINNER BAYT
For more to come.

think it had some effect; I don't know how much."

An important factor was the teeth-jarring, bone-crushing factional fight between Republican Governor George North Craig (TIME, March 7) and U.S. Senator William E. Jenner. In Indianapolis, the Craig-backed Republican candidate for mayor, James Birr, had won a bitter primary fight over a candidate backed by G.O.P. Mayor Alex M. Clark, who is anti-Craig. Clark was nominally for Birr in the general election, but his heart was not in it. Democrat Phillip L. Bayt won by 16,000 votes. The defeated Birr sulked: "It is clear-cut evidence that you can sulk your way into socialism."

Reading the 1955 results against prospects in 1956, Democratic Chairman Skillen predicted that his party would sweep the state. Republican State Chairman Al Cast had to console himself by philosophizing that "we run better when we're scared." In Indiana the G.O.P. this week had good reason to be scared.

THE LAW

"Ill-Chosen Symbol"

In Greenwood, Miss., a 20-man grand jury last week declined to indict Roy Bryant and John W. Milam for the admitted kidnaping of Emmett Till, 14, of Chicago, before he was killed. Bryant and Milam were set free; their bail bonds, \$10,000 each, were returned, despite the fact that both men, while denying that they had killed young Till, admitted to police that they had taken him from his uncle's home. On behalf of the Mississippians who regretted the grand jury's failure to indict, the *Jackson State Times* concluded: "The case . . . wound up not on the solid ground of justice accomplished but . . . became a symbol of the white-hot determination of Mississippians to conduct their affairs as they pleased. The symbol was ill-chosen."

At week's end Illinois Governor William G. Stratton asked U.S. Attorney General Herbert Brownell to investigate the disappearance of Emmett Till. Said Stratton: "It now appears that those responsible for this tragic crime are not being brought to justice . . . I feel it is my duty to respectfully request the U.S. Government . . . to investigate the violation of rights of this Illinois citizen in another state."

SUPREME COURT

"A Chance to Play"

Without comment or formal opinion, the U.S. Supreme Court last week tersely ordered public parks, playgrounds and golf courses desegregated. It required fewer than 70 words for the Supreme Court to make two separate rulings, one affirming an appeals court decision against segregation in Maryland parks and playgrounds (including swimming pools), the other reversing lower-court decisions that had upheld segregation on Atlanta golf courses.

In the South, politicians fulminated against the Supreme Court and made plans to circumvent its rulings. Among the first and loudest in the field of protest were Georgia's Governor Marvin Griffin and ex-Governor Herman Talmadge. Cried Griffin: "Comingling of the races in Georgia state parks and recreation areas will not be permitted or tolerated . . . I can make the clear declaration that the state will get out of the park business before allowing a breakdown in segregation in the intimacy of the playground." Said Talmadge: "I think the court of last resort is the people, and if the people don't comply, there's little they can do about it. It will probably mean the end of most public golf courses, playgrounds and things of that type." South Carolina's Governor George Bell Timmerman Jr. said flatly: "There will be no mixing of the races in our state parks."

Being eyed favorably as a means of avoiding compliance with the Supreme Court rulings was the action that Leland, Miss. (pop. 4,736) had already taken, in



GOLFER HOLMES (CENTER) & SONS
"We understand the courtesies."

Alexander L. Adams—Atlanta Daily World

anticipation of the desegregation order, by selling its city park to the local Lions Club for one dollar, thereby technically placing it under private ownership.

One leader who was having no part of such ruses was Maryland's Theodore Roosevelt McKeldin, governor of the state that had been directly ordered to end park and playground segregation. Said McKeldin: "Officials of the State of Maryland have never to my knowledge questioned the supremacy in the law of the U.S. Constitution or the interpretations of that document by the Supreme Court of the U.S. I see no reason to do so now." Atlanta's Mayor William Hartsfield was less positive about obeying the court's golf-course order. "Out of it all, I have no doubt that Atlanta, as usual, will do the right thing," said he. Hartsfield's words gave little assurance to Dr. Hamilton M. Holmes, 71-year-old Negro physician, who, with his two sons, had gone to court to win the right to play on Atlanta's Bobby Jones Municipal Golf Course. "All we want is a chance to play golf," said Dr. Holmes. "We understand how to play the game of golf and understand the courtesies of the game. You can be sure we will do what is right."

Civil Trials for Civilians

In Sept. 1952, Robert W. Toth, while serving as sergeant of the guard at a U.S. Air Force bomb dump in Taegu, Korea, was involved in the killing of a South Korean civilian named Bang Soon Kil. But before murder charges were brought against him, Toth was honorably discharged from the Air Force and went to work in a Pittsburgh steel mill. Five months later, Civilian Toth was taken into custody by air police to stand court-martial for the murder. Toth's arrest brought on an important and far-reaching struggle between the civil and military systems of justice. Last week the U.S.

Supreme Court firmly decided against the military.

The legal fight centered on Article 3(a) of the 1950 Uniform Code of Military Justice, which says that former servicemen who committed major crimes while in the armed forces "shall not be relieved from amenability to trial by courts-martial" by reason of their civilian status. In its 6-to-3 (Justices Reed, Burton and Minton dissenting) decision last week, the Supreme Court held Article 3(a) unconstitutional.

Enormous Scope. The majority opinion, written by Justice Hugo Black, noted that the authors of the U.S. Constitution had set up a number of "safeguards designed to protect defendants against oppressive governmental practices." One of these, the right to trial by jury, was considered so important that it was required both by the U.S. Constitution, as originally adopted, and repeated in the Bill of Rights. On the other hand, said the Supreme Court, military jurisdiction grew out of the belief that "within the military ranks there is need for a prompt, ready-at-hand means of compelling obedience and order." Conceding to "military personnel that high degree of honesty and sense of justice which nearly all of them undoubtedly have, it still remains true that military tribunals have not been and probably never can be constituted in such a way that they can have the same kind of qualifications that the Constitution has deemed essential to fair trials of civilians in federal courts. . . . From the very nature of things, courts have more independence in passing on the life and liberty of people than do military tribunals."

Article 3(a), the court continued, "deprives of jury trial and sweeps under military jurisdiction over 3,000,000 persons who have become veterans since the act became effective. That number is bound to grow from year to year; there are now

more than 3,000,000 men and women in uniform. These figures point up what would be the enormous scope of a holding that Congress could subject every ex-serviceman and woman in the land to trial by court-martial."

Suggested Remedy. Recognizing that Robert Toth will probably never have to stand trial for the Korean murder, the Supreme Court suggested that future repetitions of such cases could be avoided if Congress were to confer upon the federal courts the right to try ex-servicemen for violations of the military code. Said the court: "There can be no valid argument, therefore, that civilian ex-servicemen must be tried by court-martial or not tried at all. If that is so, it is only because Congress has not seen fit to subject them to trial in federal district courts. . . . Army discipline will not be improved by court-martialing rather than trying by jury some civilian ex-soldier who has been wholly separated from the service for months, years or perhaps decades. . . . We hold that Congress cannot subject civilians like Toth to trial by court-martial."

ARMED FORCES

A Stillness at Arlington

A warm, late-autumn sun shone down on the cemetery. The last notes of the *Star-Spangled Banner* floated up from the tomb, mingling with the faint purr of a jet airplane, invisible in the sky above. Facing the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the panoramas of Washington beyond it stood a white-haired old man in a black Chesterfield coat. His face was pink, and in his right hand he held a black felt hat over his heart. As the anthem ended, Herbert Hoover, 81, stepped forward to meet an Army sergeant holding a large wreath of yellow chrysanthemums. He took the flowers and firmly laid them against the tomb, directly under the inscription: **HERE RESTS IN HONORED GLORY AN AMERICAN SOLDIER KNOWN BUT TO GOD.** As the former President (substituting at the annual Veterans' Day ceremonies for the homebound President Eisenhower) turned and resumed his place, a soldier with a gleaming bugle sounded taps.

When Hoover and 2,500 other citizens left the tomb* after the annual ceremony, stillness descended on the scene, broken only by the precise footfalls of the ram-

* The simple tomb at Arlington, of white Colorado marble, encloses the body of an unidentified American soldier who fell in France during World War I. The body was selected from four unknown soldiers in the city hall at "Châlon-sur-Marne by Army Sergeant Edward F. Younger, a twice-wounded veteran, who marched past the four caskets, dropped a spray of roses onto the second. "I passed the first one . . . the second. Then something made me stop," said Sergeant Younger (who is himself now buried at Arlington). "And a voice seemed to say, 'This is a pal of yours.' I don't know how long I stood there. But finally I put the roses on the second casket and went back into the sunlight."

rod-stiff sentry on his everlasting guard; he took 29 paces before the tomb, halted, about-faced, and resumed his march.

The Solemn Record. Behind the Unknown Soldier and his solitary guard lay the gently rolling countryside of northern Virginia and the 408 carefully tended acres of Arlington National Cemetery. In the cemetery lie the remains of 87,000, most of them military men and women, and on the headstones of their graves is carved a solemn record of history. The names themselves ring with historic significance: William Howard Taft, the only President to exercise his prerogative as Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces and select Arlington as his burial site; Admiral Robert (North Pole) Peary; Robert Todd Lincoln, James Garfield's Secretary of War, and the only one of Abraham Lincoln's sons to live to manhood; General Phil Sheridan; Air General Henry ("Hap") Arnold and Admiral Marc ("Turn on the Lights") Mitscher; William Gibbs McAdoo, Woodrow Wilson's World War I Secretary of the Treasury; Pianist and Polish Patriot Ignace Jan Paderewski, who rests in Arlington until Poland is free again; Navy Lieut. (j.g.) James V. Forrestal, later the first Secretary of Defense; Pierre L'Enfant, the French-born engineer who designed the city of Washington, also served as a peacetime major in the Army engineers; Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, sometime lieutenant-colonel in the 20th Massachusetts Volunteers during the Civil War; General Jonathan Wainwright of Corregidor. On a brooding hillock General John J. Pershing lies in lonely aloofness. Another small knoll is occupied by the grave of Lieut. General Arthur MacArthur; near by, a plot is reserved for his son. Humbler graves reflect the grimness of war and the greatness of American history: "James Parks, born a slave," or, simply, "Unknown."

Arlington was originally part of a 1,100-acre estate that John Parke Custis, Martha Washington's son, purchased in 1778. His son, George Washington Parke Custis, built Arlington House (now a yellowing museum in the midst of the cemetery), modeled after a Greek temple, on a plateau overlooking the Potomac River. The estate was inherited by Mrs. Robert E. Lee, Custis' daughter, and was the Lee home until Cavalry Colonel Lee resigned his commission in the U.S. Army and went off to Richmond on April 22, 1861 to take his place as a general officer in the Confederate Army.

The Urgent Problem. During the Civil War, the estate was occupied by Union troops; after the Battle of Bull Run, McDowell's forces retreated to Arlington, where Abraham Lincoln visited the troops. As the war progressed, Washington was turned into an armed camp, its hospitals filled with wounded and dying soldiers. The available cemeteries filled up rapidly, and burial became an urgent problem that weighed heavily upon Major General Montgomery C. Meigs, the Army's Quartermaster General, who was

responsible for the military dead. One day, while he was walking in Washington, Meigs encountered Lincoln. The President noted that Meigs was distraught, asked him to go for a ride in his carriage.

The two crossed the Potomac to Arlington. Meigs was impressed by the beauty of the estate and the mansion, but his burial problems and bitterness against Lee suddenly overwhelmed him. Turning to Lincoln, he said: "Lee shall never return to Arlington." A few minutes later as the two men strolled around the grounds of the estate, they came upon a detail of soldiers carrying the bodies of several of their comrades. Meigs halted the soldiers and asked them where they were going. They were going to the burial ground at Soldiers' Home in Washington. Meigs then turned to an Army captain and said, "Order out a burial squad and see that all the bodies in Arlington are buried on the place at once." He turned to a small terrace bordering the garden beside the mansion. "Bury them here," he ordered. Eventually, the bodies of General Sheridan and Admiral David Dixon Porter, as well as 2,111 unknown soldiers from Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock River, were buried within a few yards of the mansion—on the theory that the Lees would never again live in a house surrounded by Union graves. They never did, although Robert E. Lee's son, George Washington Custis Lee, successfully sued for recovery of the estate after the Civil War, and then sold it back for \$150,000.

The Strange Wind. Shortly after the war, according to a popular story, some Washington women asked permission to put flowers and wreaths on the graves in Arlington. They had heard that such a custom had grown up among women in

the South during the war. The War Department granted permission, the story goes, and designated May 30 as the decoration day, but attached a stern order: no flowers were to be placed on the graves of Arlington's 300 Confederate troops, who were buried in a segregated area. The ladies brought their floral offerings to the cemetery and obediently left the Confederate headstones bare. Then, on the night of May 30, an unusually high wind arose and blew virtually all of the flowers from the Union graves onto the Rebel area. On May 30, 1868, Memorial Day was observed officially for the first time at Arlington, with General James A. Garfield as the principal speaker.

Today, Arlington is maintained by a crew of 90 ground keepers, who carefully tend the grounds, repair crumbling headstones and monuments, and dig graves with huge mechanical diggers that can scoop out a regulation 5-by-3-by-8-ft. hole in eight minutes. One man has the sole duty of patrolling the cemetery endlessly to remove withered wreaths and fading flowers from the markers. From neighboring Fort Myer, 60-odd husky, white-gloved soldiers act as pallbearers, buglers, riflemen (to fire a farewell volley into the air at every military burial) and 24-hour-a-day sentries at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Arlington's population is growing at the rate of 75 funerals a week, and by 1969 or 1970, the cemetery will be filled with the nation's honored dead. Before that time, presumably, an Unknown Soldier of World War II will be interred beside his older brother-in-arms. Congress has authorized such a burial, but last week, ten years after the war, no unknown warrior had been selected, and the Army Quartermaster's Office was still "coordinating" its plans.



HERBERT HOOVER AT ARLINGTON (VETERANS' DAY, 1955)
On the second casket, a spray of roses.

United Press

FOREIGN NEWS

GENEVA

Cold Finalities

Among the occupational temptations that befall diplomats is the desire to keep up appearances after it becomes impossible to keep up negotiations. Despite this itch to preserve a fictitious continuity, at certain moments in history pretense halts, and a cold finality can be plainly seen. Last week such a moment came.

In Geneva, where the spirit of Geneva was born, the spirit of Geneva was laid to rest. The man who laid it to rest was Vyacheslav Molotov. He not only destroyed the hope of a negotiated reunification of Germany, but did it with the air of a man who didn't care who knows it. In effect, Soviet Russia told the world that it had already absorbed the benefits of Geneva's relaxation of tensions, and felt no further need to feign amiability. Or, as former French Premier Georges Bidault, veteran of many arguments with Molotov, put it in an article for *L.N.S.*: "Molotov is saying to the Western nations: 'You are not ready to blow out the flame of hope and peace you have lighted among your own peoples. Consequently we are not worried.'"

Obliging History. The second cold finality of the week was the partition of Germany. Molotov made it plain that the Communists would not risk free elections throughout Germany, knowing they would lose. Even if West Germany were to leave NATO, the Russians would not be satisfied: the only kind of unification they could tolerate would be a united Communist Germany. This was said with the usual Communist implication that history is on their side, and they have only to wait. Perhaps the Kremlin's leaders believe that history will so oblige them; but other explanations are possible. Their decision to keep Germany divided is also an admission that they cannot control even their own section of Germany except by suppressing freedom in it, and to risk a free test there would be to risk a progressive retreat in all their satellites.

Yet some Western commentators, among them Walter Lippmann, acted as if Russia was bound, in time, to have its way in West as well as East Germany. The assumption was that once old Konrad Adenauer leaves office, other West Germans would be so keen for reunification that they would barter away their present freedom and prosperity just to be part of a poorer and Communist-dominated Greater Germany. But West Germany's preference for its own way of life is much deeper than one old man's will.

Voting with the Feet. In any competition between the two Germanys, West Germany has most of the advantages. It has 50 million people to the East's 17 million. It has absorbed 11 million people from the East in the past ten years, and with its industrial miracle, has nonetheless achieved full employment. East Germany,

though once a great agricultural belt, now has desperate potato queues.

In the only kind of voting that remains to the East Germans—what one British diplomat calls voting with their feet—they have chosen to flee the country at a rate which for the past three months has averaged a startling 1,000 refugees a day. And of those who are now leaving East Germany, more than half are any nation's most valuable treasure, young men and women under 25.

Vyacheslav's Better Baggage

Before flying back to Geneva for the second week of the foreign ministers' conference, Russia's Vyacheslav Molotov attended a bibulous Moscow reception celebrating the 38th anniversary of the



BRITAIN'S MACMILLAN
To make the onus stick.

Bolshevik Revolution. It was a heady affair, ringing with Old Bolshevik Kaganovich's boast that the 20th century would be "the century of Communism." This was a tonic to abstemious old Vyacheslav Molotov, who has never been able to disguise his implacable hostility to the West, or to play with any conviction the role of a man out to relax tensions. That night he exulted to a newsman: "I have heard many good things in Moscow. I am leaving for Geneva with even better baggage than I brought."

There were some in the West who took this to mean that Russia would be more reasonable about German reunification. Molotov did not wait long to disabuse them. Back in Geneva, face to face with the Western Big Three around the green-topped table in the *Salle du Conseil*, Molotov revealed with relish that the "better baggage" he brought from Moscow was a fresh blast of cold war.

Two Germanys. As the Russian began to speak, John Foster Dulles made notes. France's Pinay chain-smoked, Britain's Macmillan sat erect as a Grenadier Guardsman (which he once was). Harshly, Molotov plunged in. He rejected out of hand the West's plan for German unity. He accused the Western powers—including, of all people, the French—of seeking "a revival of German militarism." What the West wants, he said, is to re-establish throughout Germany "the rule of big monopolies, Junker and militarists" and to "liquidate the social gains of the [East German Communist Republic]." The West had pleaded with Moscow to let the Germans decide for themselves; Molotov would have none of that. The Soviet Union, he said without a trace of embarrassment, could not stand idly by and watch free elections "lead to the infringement of the interests of the working masses." Molotov then made plain what the West had long suspected: that the Kremlin intends to partition Germany indefinitely. "There are two Germanys," he said, and only one of them—the Communist East—is the "real Fatherland."

When the Russian finished speaking, a chill silence lay across the conference table. In Molotov's brutal frankness, the Western Ministers recognized a deliberate shattering of the Geneva spirit. In their hearts, the Western Big Three had not expected the Soviet Union to set the East Germans free, but Molotov had gone further than that. By espousing partition, he and the Soviet Union were openly disavowing Bulganin's promise, made at the summit parley, to find ways of uniting Germany and making Europe secure.

After a moment's silence, John Foster Dulles asked for time out. Over drinks in the delegates' bar, he agreed with Macmillan and Pinay that the conference must go on, but that the West should delay its reply until the next day.

Item 1. Overnight the West worked out a common strategy. Molotov had accepted the onus of keeping Germany divided: the West would therefore see to it that the onus stuck. Promptly at 4 p.m., the conference came to order and Harold Macmillan took the floor. His voice was icy with anger.

"The Soviet Union," said Macmillan, "is prepared to use the happiness, the unity and the independence of the German people as pawns in its game to break up [NATO] . . . They must accept the odious system which has been imposed on East Germany or else continue to remain divided . . . If the German people were ever allowed to express their feelings at free elections, the puppets who are held in power in East Germany by Soviet arms would be swept away . . . for the Soviet government, the only acceptable guarantee for the reunification of Germany is the Bolshevization of the whole country."

John Foster Dulles joined in. "So far as the U.S. is concerned," said the Secretary

TIME, NOVEMBER 21, 1955

gravely. "what has happened here has largely shattered such confidence as was born at the summit conference." The session quickly degenerated into an exchange of invective and sarcasm, with Pinay, who cannot abide Molotov, leading the Western attack. When it was all over, the Kremlin was clearly labeled as the Divider of Germany.

Item 2. Next day the West insisted on passing on to Item 2—disarmament. Molotov had a few unkind words to say on this subject too. Kept in the background during the Parley at the Summit, Molotov now had his chance to attack President Eisenhower's plan for mutual air inspection of U.S. and Soviet arms installations (TIME, Aug. 1). With a perfectly straight face he charged that it would "increase" the danger of atomic war.

"We have no doubt," he said, that President Eisenhower was "guided by good intentions." With that, he proceeded to "prove" that the West's most experienced military leader was really just a hopeful ignoramus, misled into his proposal by scheming "military circles." The Western delegates were more amused than shocked at Molotov's rantings; yet as one of them put it afterwards: "When you start to laugh out loud you look at that face and realize it's no laughing matter."

John Foster Dulles delivered the U.S.'s reply. Eisenhower's plan, he said, was never intended to be a "cure-all" but is an "essential prelude" to a practical system for arms control. Dulles even offered to extend the system of mutual inspection to all U.S. bases overseas. But the U.S., said Dulles flatly, will not allow its security to be dependent on Soviet promises. So ended Item 2.

Item 3. In another room, the ministers' deputies had taken up Item 3—the improvement of East-West contacts. They too disagreed. Both sides had expected this to be the easiest subject on the agenda, but when the West asked the Soviet delegates to abolish censorship and admit more foreign tourists, the Russians replied with the demand that Nationalist China should give up its blockade on the Red Chinese coast.

By week's end the Big Four conference found itself at a dead halt. On one point all were agreed: the conference should break up this week after exactly three weeks in session.

Dose of Castor Oil

When President Eisenhower and Premier Bulganin smilingly shook hands at the summit parley last July, the Soviets got a propaganda windfall. Pictures of the occasion were blown up to enormous size and placarded throughout Eastern Europe as "proof" that the U.S. had made friends with the Soviet Union and no longer had any interest in setting the satellites free. Last week, when newsmen sought another smiling picture, this time of Vyacheslav Molotov chumming up with John Foster Dulles, the Secretary of State said no. It was a challenge that no photographer could or would ignore.

All week long the cameramen of many nations pursued Dulles from conference to conference, determined to catch him and Molotov in friendly discussion. They tried at Molotov's villa after Dulles paid a visit, but no sooner did the lenses appear than Dulles, who was getting into his Cadillac, brusquely told the chauffeur to "get going." When U.S. photographers asked for the usual formal portrait of all the foreign ministers, the Secretary turned it down. He had a narrow escape at the British reception, but managed to get Harold Macmillan between him and Molotov before the shutters clicked. In the end, Dulles was caught at a lunch with the Swiss President. Molotov marched up, and the Secretary was caught off guard.

Flesh touched flesh, and the deed at last was done (see cut). "They won't get any

FRANCE

Communists to the Rescue

For a month now, Premier Edgar Faure and the French Assembly have been playing out a French farce known as the vote of confidence. Though the Assembly does not like Faure, it is not yet prepared to replace him, and so the technique is to give him the vote without giving him any reason for confidence.

For the second time in ten days, Premier Faure last week risked the life of his government on a vote of confidence over the issue of new Assembly elections in December. His principal opponent was his predecessor, party leader and onetime friend, Pierre Mendes-France. Faure's objective, with the help of the Assembly's right wing, was to force elections before



SWISS PRESIDENT PETITPIERRE (CENTER) & FRIENDS

At last the deed was done.

propaganda out of that one," said Dulles when he saw the prints. "I look as if I'd swallowed a dose of castor oil."

Expanding the Club

Amid all of Geneva's disappointments, one solid agreement was reached. Dulles and Molotov, meeting privately, agreed to new membership in the United Nations for 17 nations, four of them Communist. The package deal, in which Britain and France concurred, would break nine years of deadlock and increase U.N. membership from 60 to 77. Russia promised not to veto the West's list: Austria, Cambodia, Ceylon, Finland, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Jordan, Laos, Libya, Nepal, Portugal and Spain. In return, the U.S. would not veto the Russian candidates: Albania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Rumania. The U.S. also agreed to abstain on Outer Mongolia, but counted on this barren Soviet outpost's not getting enough votes to get in.

Mendes had a chance to organize a coalition of the Left. Mendes' strategy was to seek modifications of France's complex electoral law, hoping to stall elections until spring and eventually go to the voters under a system favorable to his own candidates.

When the votes were counted, the wan and weary Faure had squeezed by again, 285 to 247. But most of his own Radical Party and almost all the Socialists voted against him. He had the Communists to thank for his victory: their 90 votes had been cast for Faure. But even the Communists left Faure no illusions about the nature of their support. Said Communist Leader Jacques Duclos contemptuously: "Everyone knows that in voting for this [election] project, the Communist group has no intention of voting for the government."

Before the balloting, Faure had told a Cabinet meeting that he had no desire to

continue in office with Communist support. He had not been defeated, and therefore was not obliged to resign. Edgar Faure, whose thirst for the premiership is all but unquenchable, decided to stay on the job, even though the Communists had given him his margin of survival.

To Market, To Market

By 11 o'clock every night in Paris, the trucks are jammed into every narrow street from the Opera to the Louvre. Horns squawk, cops shout, taxi drivers curse and take long detours, but nothing helps until 9 o'clock the next morning when the trucks roar away. The noisy, redolent center of this nightly hubbub, and its cause, is Les Halles Centrales. Paris' central food market.

Through Les Halles' twelve iron-and-glass pavilions move every fish, vegetable

Dog Who Smokes, for Les Halles' famed onion soup.

Wasteful Ways. Today the belly of Paris is badly upset. And the symptoms it suffers from are those that afflict all France—the paralysis of outworn tradition, the plague of overorganized centralization, the jealous persistence in selfish ways. The tradition began in 1134, when King Louis the Fat picked out a quiet meadow on Paris' outskirts for the food marketeers. The meadow has long since been surrounded by the center of burgeoning Paris, but no one has been able to dislodge Les Halles, though it is two miles from the main railroad stations and set in a tortuous network of ancient streets barely passable by trucks. In the resulting jam, it takes a truck up to three hours to make the two miles from the Gare de Bercy, and the trucking charges for those

then sent out again, perhaps leaving Paris on the same train on which they arrived, finally to be eaten in a restaurant a few miles from where they were grown. The waste is enormous. An estimated quarter of all fruit and vegetables is spoiled in handling.

The cost is also enormous. Every transshipper and middleman adds his commission, every valuer or forwarding agent gets his fee. One Paris housewife bought a head of cauliflower for 120 francs at her greengrocer's. She found a note from the farmer tucked under one leaf: "I sold it for 12 francs. How much did you pay for it?"

Tradition v. Enterprise. Les Halles bristles at any suggestion of change. For Les Halles is not so much a commercial enterprise as a bewildering labyrinth of concessions and customs controlled by 1,500 concessionaires. Privileges granted by some forgotten bureaucracy with the passage of time have become "rights," and made them rich. Every table, every booth, every square yard of sidewalk, every handling process or valuing fee is claimed by someone as such a right, handed down from father to son, sanctified by feudal tradition or half-forgotten law.

Recently, there was an attempt to move Les Halles to one of the main freight-railroad stations, where produce could be sold directly from railroad cars and costs cut in half. It got nowhere. Two years ago the government, taking reluctant notice of angry complaints, set up an official "High Council of Les Halles" to look into the situation. Last week it met for the first time, agreed torpidly to consider what it might possibly discuss, and then adjourned without setting a date for its next meeting. Nobody was in any hurry for improvements, particularly the concessionaires.

UNITED NATIONS

Chance Majority

Nothing contained in the present Charter shall authorize the United Nations to intervene in matters which are essentially within the domestic jurisdiction of any state or shall require the members to submit such matters to settlement.

—United Nations Charter, Article 2 (7)

Since it joined the U.N., South Africa has persistently invoked this Charter article to resist U.N. inquiries into the question of racial discrimination in the South African Union. Long before its present intolerant leadership got control of the country, Field Marshal Jan Smuts contended in 1946 that "the question of the U.N.'s right to intervene in the domestic affairs of a member state is vital to the whole concept of the U.N."

Last week South Africa fought a bitter and unsuccessful campaign against renewing the mandate of a three-man U.N. commission which has been investigating *apartheid* (racial segregation). When the U.N.'s Political Committee voted, 37 to



George Violon—Gamma

PARIS' LES HALLES MARKET

Under a cauliflower leaf, a farmer's note.

and piece of meat that Paris consumes. "The belly of Paris," Emile Zola called it. Under the glaring light of bare electric bulbs, husky men in blue overalls and leather aprons unload crates of cabbages from Burgundy, baskets of fish from Brittany, beef carcasses from Normandy.

The pavilions overflow, and the surplus spills into the streets. Sides of mutton hang along the northern wall of the church of Saint Eustache; mountains of crated cabbages and oranges block the sidewalks for half a mile. Buyers for hotels, restaurants, retail groceries and butcher shops swarm and haggle, crunch over the crushed ice of the fish pavilion to finger white octopuses or boxes of shiny mackerel, delicately press ripe Camemberts and sniff critically at Bries. As dawn breaks, late partygoers pick their way gingerly across the littered gutters to one of the small, famed bistros like The

two miles from station to market are higher than the shipping charge from the farthest corner of France to the railroad station.

Paris consumes only about half the food that pours into Les Halles. The rest is promptly reshipped to the provinces. The villain, as Herber Luethy pointed out trenchantly in *France Against Herself* (TIME, July 4), is centralization, which in France makes the smallest village council unable to pave a road or fix a school-house roof without the approval of a ministry in Paris, which makes all French roads pivot on Paris like spokes of a wheel, which has discouraged provincial markets and forces produce into Paris to find a buyer. Nearly a third of all France's food funnels into Les Halles. Thus, peaches grown in Southern France are shipped 500 miles to Paris, loaded onto trucks, brought to Les Halles, unloaded into barrows, sold,

7 (with 13 abstentions), to prolong the commission's life. South Africa's U.N. Delegate W. C. du Plessis abruptly left the building and began a boycott which, he said, will last at least as long as the present U.N. session.

"Spurious Case Law." Before he walked out, Du Plessis spoke his piece: "The authority of chance majorities and the building up of spurious case law, not on legal grounds but mainly on the basis of political expediency and sentiment, cannot, in my delegation's opinion, emasculate the conditions under which membership was originally accepted." There were many among his hearers who, while deeply disliking South Africa's racial policy, privately admitted that South Africa had the U.N. Charter on its side.

Six weeks ago France withdrew when the U.N. Assembly voted to take up the question of Algeria, which France insists is a part of metropolitan France and no business of the U.N. If anything, South Africa's legal case is stronger than France's.

The agitation against both South Africa and France comes chiefly from the 14-nation Arab-Asian bloc, which found a community of purpose at Bandung and has been throwing its weight around since. India in particular, said Du Plessis, has "pursued a vendetta" against South Africa almost since the beginning of the U.N.

The emergence of a coherent Arab-Asian bloc at a time when East-West hostility has been more subdued in U.N. debates has been the dominant fact of the U.N.'s tenth session. In their eagerness to declaim against colonialism and race discrimination, the Arab-Asians have not always bothered to be responsible, and Western delegates smolder at a nation like Yemen attempting to pass judgment on someone else's devotion to liberty and progress.

Rights & Freedoms. In waging its propaganda battles, the Arab-Asian bloc sets great legal store by Article 55 in the U.N. Charter, which provides that the U.N. "shall promote observance of human rights and fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion," and on Article 56, in which "all members pledge themselves" to cooperate with the U.N. to achieve these purposes. But, said South Africa's Du Plessis, the very committee which drew up these provisions stipulated in the records that Article 55 gives the U.N. no right to interfere in domestic affairs.

The U.S., which would fiercely resist any U.N. foray into race relations in the South, abstained in last week's vote. Though some advisers acknowledge South Africa's legal case, the U.S. hesitates to side with South Africa even when it is technically right. Officially, the U.S. takes the stand that the Arab-Asian motion is not "the best way to achieve constructive results," on the ground that U.N. discussion of South Africa's restrictive policies would only harden white South Africa's support of apartheid.

MOROCCO

The Groveling Pasha

The sly old pasha Hadj Thami el Glaoui joined with French colonials to drive the Sultan of Morocco into exile two years ago. "You dog!" the Sultan hissed helplessly. But last week the Sultan, newly returned to power, had his revenge, in a scene fit for *A Thousand and One Nights*.

El Glaoui, at 80 one of the richest and proudest sons of the Prophet, showed up at the royal pavilion outside Paris where Sultan ben Youssef is now regally established, awaiting his return to the throne. The old pasha was kept waiting one hour. Then, after photographers and reporters had been posted at a big window to record the moment of high triumph, the door was flung wide. Shrouded in white



SULTAN & PASHA
The dog sprawled.

djellaba and hood. El Glaoui shucked off his pointed slippers and advanced. The imperial chamberlain put a firm hand on El Glaoui's neck, sent him to the floor. The once-powerful pasha, who boasted that his 300,000 musket-toting Berber tribesmen made "cowards tremble and gave hope to the weak," groveled across the floor to kiss the feet of the Sultan.

"I am a slave at His Majesty's feet," he muttered. "I beg forgiveness for all the harm I have done. I was led astray. May heaven's curse fall upon those who deceived me." Replied the Sultan: "The past is forgotten. You will be judged by what you do in the future."

Two days before, French Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay had bussed the Sultan on both cheeks and for the first time used the word "independence" in speaking of Morocco's future, and the Sultan in turn had spoken of permanent and "interdependent" links to France.

Privately hopeful that the Sultan

might prove more tractable than nationalist hotheads, the Faure government last week appointed one of France's most popular career officials as new Resident General in Morocco. He is André Louis Dubois, 52, a piano-playing, party-loving man who as chief of the Paris police won renown as "the prefect of silence" because he had managed to still the sounds of horn-blowing by Paris' ill-tempered motorists. In his new assignment, Dubois (who was born in Algeria) may find it necessary to fight ruder noises. Last week, on the eve of the Sultan's return, anti-French terrorists began denouncing the Sultan as a "collaborator" with France, and 28 died and 59 were wounded in shootings, bombings and knifings.

RUSSIA

Moscow Merry-Go-Round

"What about France?" asked a reporter. It was a Moscow reception for Norway's visiting Premier Einar Gerhardsen, and stubby Nikita Khrushchev, glass in hand, was in that merry-go-round mood again. He fairly leaped for the brass ring.

"France is a beautiful country," said Khrushchev, "and they are good people. But they cannot find the place in the world due to them because they hesitate too much. I do not mind people who are for us or against us, as long as we know what they want. But I hate hesitation and uncertainty. The French cannot make up their minds."

"That's why France is having elections," a reporter interjected.

"That won't change anything," said Khrushchev. "They still won't know what they want."

Architect of Disaster

Like many a monarch before him, Dictator Joseph Stalin was obsessed by the desire to commemorate his long reign in monuments of stone. Gathering together a team of architects, he set them to designing riotously ornamental plazas, parks and skyscrapers, without regard for expense. Among his chief architects: Party Member Alexander V. Vlasov.

Rising out of sprawling slums, Moscow's gingerbread skyscrapers are a source of embarrassment to Stalin's collective successors, who have felt obliged to point out that elevators often stick, plumbing frequently fails, and doors and windows are full of cracks. Complained Party Secretary Khrushchev: "The architect needs a beautiful silhouette, but the people want apartments." A year ago Khrushchev proposed the speedy production of cheap, prefabricated concrete living units, later sent a delegation of ten Soviet building experts to study U.S. methods.

The delegation was amazed by the utilitarian aspect of modern U.S. design and the generous use of steel and glass in U.S. buildings. Said one: "A child's dream of a Christmas tree come true." But the travelers had no chance to put up Christmas trees of their own. Last week the Kremlin called for the complete reorgan-

ization of the building industry, ripped into Soviet architects for "neglecting the need to create conveniences for the population." Deprived of their Stalin prizes, the architects were accused of building "utterly unjustified tower superstructures, decorative colonnades and porticoes . . . as a result of which, state resources have been overspent to an amount with which more than one million square meters of living floor space could have been built." Singled out for special mention: Moscow Architect Alexander V. Vlasov, who "not only failed to conduct a proper struggle against this extravagance, but [was] guilty of superfluities in designs he drew up."

Where was Architect Vlasov? A top member of a Soviet delegation studying U.S. building methods, he was in Manhattan, checked in at the Plaza Hotel and on a shopping expedition, when the news of Khrushchev's decree came through. "I do not believe what has been printed in the American press," said Delegation Leader Kozulua. "It's not true." Next day, boarding the *Queen Elizabeth* on his way home, Vlasov, smiling nervously, cracked: "As you see, I'm alive, and I'm in good humor." Added Russia's chief specialist in Stalinist baroque as he sailed off into the unknown: "It will all be straightened out in Moscow."

INDIA

Father's Daughter

In village after village, peasant women showered her with flowers and shouted her name; children fashioned garlands for her; elders asked her advice. A new political personality—a woman, at that—was emerging in India. The woman: Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's only daughter, Indira.

At 37, Indira is a slim, dark-eyed woman of practiced poise. "My public life started at the age of three," she recently explained. "I have no recollection of games, or playing with other children. My favorite occupation as a very small child was to deliver thunderous speeches to the servants, standing on a high table." At four, she was being taken by her mother to party congresses. At twelve, she organized "the Monkey Brigade," whose small members specialized in sneaking past British soldiers with political messages; at 24, she was in a British jail.

Into the House. Educated in India, Switzerland and England (Oxford), she married a lawyer named Feroze Gandhi (no kin to the Mahatma). But the marriage soon had to be subordinated to father's needs. By 1946, over her husband's objections, she moved herself and her two small sons into her father's house in New Delhi, began acting as Widower Nehru's hostess and housekeeper. Soon Nehru was taking her with him everywhere—to the U.S., to China, to Russia.

Until recently, Indira confined her outside activities to good works and women's welfare. But since the death of his old friend Rafi Ahmad Kidwai, Nehru has lacked a personal troubleshooter and con-

fidant. Most candidates were too old, too ambitious, or too antagonistic to Krishna Menon, Nehru's devious foreign-policy tinkerer. Last week it looked as if Indira was being groomed for the job.

Two months ago Indira topped the poll of candidates for election to the Congress Party's eleven-member Central Election Committee, to become the first woman member of the powerful committee that picks all party candidates. Since then, she has assumed the humble mannerisms prescribed for a Congress Party personality, putting away her jewelry, and discarding her costly embroidered saris in favor of homespun cotton.

Out to the Left. She began scolding and exhorting party workers with authority: "Progress calls for discipline, for a certain amount of regimentation." She



Howard Sachse—LIFE

INDIRA GANDHI AT BANDUNG
The Monkey Brigade grew up.

praised Communist China ("The whole nation throbs with activity toward a single end—even infants are taught the benefits of collective life") and the example of Russia ("In Russia the party has impressed on people what it's doing for them. The sooner we do it, the better for us"). She seems to be considerably to the left of her father, who sometimes is capable of a searing skepticism about the Communist wonderlands.

In pursuit of her new duties, Indira has ordered daily rehearsals for New Delhi's schoolchildren in throwing flowers and shouting "welcome" in preparation for next week's visit of Russia's Nikita Khrushchev and Nikolai Bulganin. Last week her trained tots got a run-through welcoming the visiting King of Nepal. And close observers noticed a new recurrent phrase in Indira's press. Instead of the customary "enthusiastic masses" greeting Nehru, the phrase has become "enthusiastic but disciplined masses greeted Prime Minister Nehru and Mrs. Indira Gandhi."

GREAT BRITAIN

Fair Play for Spies

It was, said London's *Daily Telegraph*, like school prefects lecturing the student body. "The Head Prefect talked soberly about the tone of the school, and received solemn nods from the Old Boys on the Opposition benches. Were we to have a 'kind of NKVD or OGPU system in our public offices'? No, the House murmured quietly, we were not. The prefects, on both sides of the House, were only too anxious to deal tidily with a discreditable story which involved the honor of the school." As Herbert Morrison, Foreign Secretary in the former Labor government, explained: "Five governments in all were involved. We are all in it."

Thus, after more than four years of stubborn official silence, bumbling and evasion, Britain's government undertook to explain how Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean had managed to work as spies for Russia within the Foreign Office and then escaped untouched.

Calming the Clamor. Ever since the government published its inadequate white paper (TIME, Oct. 3), the press has clamored for more explanations. Who protected and promoted Burgess and Maclean? Who tipped them off that the jig was up? Who let them escape?

Inside the House last week, Foreign Minister Harold Macmillan answered none of these questions, instead turned his defense into an exposition of Britain's principles of fair play and legality. No other course was possible, he argued, without violating one or the other. Before he was through, the slovenly security practices and clubby indulgence of the Foreign Office had become shining testaments to British high-mindedness and a standing reproach to "McCarthyism."

"Our Foreign Service regards this case as a personal wound," said Macmillan. "Action against employees . . . arising from suspicion and not from proof may bring with good motives, and it may avert . . . disasters, but, judging from what has happened in some other countries, such a practice soon degenerates into satisfaction of personal vendettas or a general system of tyranny, all in the name of public safety."

Since 1952, Macmillan admitted, the Foreign Office has instituted "positive vetting"—before then, a man was investigated only if he had already come to the "unfavorable notice" of the security officials. Result: four Foreign Service officers dismissed, "about half a dozen" others moved to less sensitive work . . .

The "Cover-Up." The Laborites were just as anxious to avoid any hint of "McCarthyism." Said Herbert Morrison, during whose tenure the pair escaped: "After all, the noblest band of men in history had their Judas . . . If they had been arrested and ultimately found innocent, that would have brought discredit . . ." Only a few were so rude as to be blunt. The truth is, snapped Laborite Alfred Robens, that there was "a close

circle of 'cover-up' for one's friends [in the Foreign Office]. How can it be that a couple of drunks, a couple of homosexuals well known in this city could for so long occupy important posts?"

Only once did the House think it detected a dread whiff of McCarthyism. For weeks Lieut. Colonel Marcus Lipton, publicity-conscious Laborite from South London, had been suggesting that the "third man" who tipped off the spies was Harold Philby, son of famed Arabian Expert Harry St. John Philby. Macmillan admitted: "It is now known that Mr. Philby had Communist associates." In Washington, Burgess, then second secretary to the British embassy, lived in Philby's house, and Philby was asked to resign from the Foreign Office shortly after Burgess' flight. But, Macmillan added, careful investigation had provided "no evidence" against him. (Two days later, after Philby challenged him to repeat his charges outside the House, Lipton backed down: "I withdraw unreservedly.")

Prime Minister Eden proposed "a small informal conference" of prominent members of both parties to examine the government's current security measures. "I do not pretend that I like it very much—going along to the tutor of someone and saying, 'What did you really think of so and so when he was in your college at so and so?'" said Eden. "It is very disagreeable to the ordinary British instinct. But I think we just had to do that much."

NORTH AFRICA

Empty Base

Just 35 miles from Casablanca sits the spanking new \$23 million base of Boulhaut, built for the U.S. Air Force. Finished five months ahead of schedule, it is the last of four Strategic Air Command bases built by the U.S. in Morocco since 1951, and is complete to housing, code rooms, radar, cold-storage plant, glass-walled servicemen's club and movie theater. Last week, after six months, Boulhaut had yet to see the first plane touch down on its 10,000-foot runway, and the total base personnel was one Air Force captain, one master sergeant and a girl secretary.

When the French authorized the U.S. to build bases in Morocco, in the jittery months after the Korean war began, the French stipulated that U.S. forces should be limited to some 7,500 men at any one time. The three bases at Sidi Slimane, Benguerir and Nouasseur absorbed the full quota of Americans. The French will not let any more in: they are jealous of their own prestige, fearful of U.S. political appeal for the restive Moroccans, and no longer so worried about a general war.

Last week, caught in this embarrassing spot, the U.S. Air Force in Washington insisted that it had never really intended to use Boulhaut as an operational base, and had spent the \$23 million on it only to provide a standby base in case of emergency. If so, it was news to its builders and the officers of the U.S. Seventeenth Air Force.

AUSTRALIA

Their Country's Good

From distant climes, o'er widespread seas we come

(Though not with much éclat or beat of drum);

*True patriots all, for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good . . .*

And none will doubt but that our emigration

Has proved most useful to the English nation.

In the century and a half since Convict George Barrington wrote these lines on emigrating to Australia, millions of free men have made their homes in the sub-continent Down Under. But the immigrant everywhere is normally suspect of having left his country. If not for his country's good, then out of political or economic necessity. Only in the decade since World War II has Australia, by means of a vast and wisely planned immigration scheme, banished the last vestiges of the emigration stigma. Last week the drums were beating as, with much éclat, bright and chirpy Barbara Porritt stepped ashore at Melbourne. She was Australia's millionth immigrant since 1945.

"Populate or perish," onetime Prime Minister "Billy" Hughes told Australia after World War I, but it took World War II to awaken 7,000,000 Australians to the peril of living in a large, empty country on the edge of Asia. Said Immigration Minister Arthur Calwell, launching a new large-scale immigration scheme: "We may have only 25 years to . . . justify our exclusive possession of this continent."

Broken Prejudices. Working swiftly and realistically, giving priority to carpenters and builders, Australian immigra-

tion teams took the pick of Europe's D.P.s. When the International Refugee Organization pool dried up, Calwell made bilateral agreements with Italy, The Netherlands, Germany and Malta for a regular flow of immigrants, tried to induce Americans to emigrate, and succeeded in getting some 10,000 of them to settle in Australia (thereby balancing the loss of 10,000 Australian girls who married G.I.s and went off to the U.S.).

A trial batch of 848 young (15 to 35) men from the Baltic states and a promise by Calwell that half of all immigrants would be British broke down Australia's last prejudices against immigrants. Says Calwell today: "We couldn't have cared less about keeping our population predominantly British. What we want are Australians!"

With tickets partly paid for by the government, and traveling on passenger liners, cargo ships and borrowed U.S. ex-Army transports, immigrants soon began arriving in Australia in such numbers that the problem was how to make them into Australians. British immigrants and all children under 15 automatically receive Australian nationality. The others (one in five) must wait five years. On board ship, foreign immigrants start learning English, continue in government classes in the nationwide network of hostels and reception camps where immigrants live at government expense (average stay: six months) until jobs are found for them.

The New Australians. To banish the old, bitter race names—pommy (Englishman), dago, hunk—Calwell invented the appellation "New Australian" for all immigrants. It stuck. A Good Neighbor movement was launched and hundreds of clubs formed to bring New Australians and Old Australians together. Assimilation has had its failures. The conservative British Medical Association opposes the



MRS. ONE MILLION: BARBARA PORRITT WITH HUSBAND
With beat of drum and much éclat.

London Daily Express

registration of European doctors. The Trades and Labor Council, jealous custodian of half a century of labor gains, was outraged when hard-working immigrants refused to take "morning tea breaks" and volunteered to work in the rain. The Communists circularized dockworkers: "Most immigrant Balts are fascists opposed to unionism." Crime increased with the rising population, and Australians were disturbed by the addition of a new weapon to the Australian criminal's arsenal: the knife. Biggest setback has been the reluctance of Australian girls to marry immigrants.

But few have returned to their homeland (6% of British immigrants, 2% of the others), and the nation's economists reckon that immigrant labor has played a major part in boosting the generation of electricity by 81% in seven years, the production of black coal by 36%. To take the strain off the country's housing industry, which in the past three years has built enough homes to house 900,000 people, thousands of prefabricated houses have been imported. In a booming economy that has shown only slight signs of recession, there is only one other serious shortage: labor. There are some 60,000 jobs waiting for new immigrants.

SOUTH AFRICA

Coming Alive

In a ramshackle native location in South Africa's province of Natal, a twelve-year-old girl lay ill for months subject to fits and spells of moroseness. Neither a doctor's drugs nor a witch doctor's charms did any good. Little Mavis Sithebe seemed to lose the will to live, took almost no food or drink for two weeks, was in a coma most of the time. One day, according to her tearful mother, "she just closed her eyes and died." Without bothering to examine the body, the district surgeon issued a death certificate. The family sent for the hearse, only to learn that it had broken down.

For the want of a hearse, her family postponed the funeral, and for two nights and three days stood vigil by the rough-hewn wooden coffin in which Mavis lay. Last week, with a hearse and 200 friends of the bereaved gathered outside the Sithebe hut, Mavis' father stood ready, hammer in hand, to nail the coffin's lid, while Mavis' grandmother knelt down with a basin of water and washed the girl's face. Slowly, the body stirred and turned over, face down. Father and grandmother dropped hammer and basin and rushed from the hut. Followed by the 200 mourners, they ran into the bush crying mercy from the voodoo gods.

"I am very thirsty," whispered Mavis when a doctor finally arrived. Taken to a hospital, Mavis began to show signs of recovery. She had been the victim of "some form of hysteria," the doctor said. This explanation was repeated around the native location, but got nowhere among the crowds groaning and throwing bones to ward off the evil spirit.

THE PHILIPPINES

Leave It to the People

From Yami to Tawitawi, the 7,200-mile-long Philippine archipelago resounded for two months with politicians' haranguing voices, but the nation's No. 1 grass-roots campaigner, the man who had most at stake in last week's off-presidential-year election, made only two major speeches. "I want to see if the people will fight my battle for me," said President Ramon Magsaysay.

At stake were nine seats in the Philippine Senate, all elected from the nation at large. But interest centered largely on one man: Senator Claro Recto, power-hungry politician, brilliant trial lawyer and wartime Foreign Minister during the Japanese occupation. For a long time



Philippines Herald
PACITA CAMPAIGNING
Never underestimate a farmer.

Claro Recto was regarded as one of the most powerful men in the Senate, until he tangled with Magsaysay and Magsaysay's policy of friendly cooperation with the U.S. Recto was once a big power in Magsaysay's own *Nacionalista* Party, but this year he was specifically eliminated from the party slate at Magsaysay's insistence. Senator Recto found a berth on the Liberal slate as a "guest candidate," and set off to barnstorm against his President, whom he called a "dictator" and a "U.S. puppet." Two nights before the election, in a speech at the Manila Harvard Club, he dramatically proclaimed that "Magsaysayism" was the Filipino counterpart of McCarthyism.

On election day Claro Recto got his answer. Magsaysay's ticket swept all before it. Senator Recto finished in sixth place, and though he thus was returned to the Senate, he was clearly repudiated as an effective opponent to Magsaysay.

Heading the senatorial list with 2,500,000 votes, more than ever polled before by a senatorial candidate, was a comely, 38-year-old widow named Pacita Madrigal Warns, who quit her ballet school to head the Women for Magsaysay Movement two years ago. When Magsaysay appointed her to his Cabinet as Commissioner of Social Welfare, she converted her election workers into a volunteer social-workers corps. The daughter of Multimillionaire Vicente Madrigal, onetime Liberal Senator, she campaigned widely with the slogan "For the poor, vote Pacita for Senator."

Seven other *Nacionalista* Senators were elected, as the *Nacionalista* triumphs were just as sweeping in local races, particularly in rural areas. Happy victor Ramon Magsaysay drew a moral: "Don't underestimate the farmer. He's usually two jumps ahead of the politician."

THE MIDDLE EAST

Eyes on Elath

Just one shooting scrape—in which the Egyptians claimed four Israelis killed, the Israelis acknowledged no casualties at all—broke the edgy calm along the Middle East's tensest frontier last week. Yet this skirmish disturbed many Israelis more than the bloody battles at Gaza and El Auja. What mattered most to them was the site of battle: Elath, a new town which Premier David Ben-Gurion likes to call Israel's own "up-and-coming Los Angeles."

When Israeli troops drove south across the Negev Desert seven years ago to seize an eleven-mile coastline at the head of the Red Sea's Gulf of Aqaba, Elath was just a name on the edge of the barren red cliffs. Today Elath is a port settlement of 500, with a jetty, barracks, airfield, a prefab town hall, a power plant, botanical garden and stadium. By next year Elath is to house the first of up to 12,000 Israelis, who will smelt and ship 7,000 tons of copper a year from the newly reopened King Solomon's mines, high in the flinty heart of the Negev.

"Once the Negev is developed and a railway built to Elath," said the Egyptian newspaper *A Sareeh*, "Israel will be able enormously to expand her trade with the Far East, and our boycott will become nothing but ink on paper." The hope of restoring Egypt's land link with Jordan and the Moslem East will vanish.

Cocking a belligerent eye at the coastal guns which Egyptians have already installed on islands commanding the narrow waters that lead to Elath, Prime Minister Ben-Gurion warned: "We will assure freedom of passage to the Indian Ocean if necessary with the help of Israel's navy, air force and army." Last week the Israeli government hotly rejected Sir Anthony Eden's proposals to work out a "compromise" peace by border adjustments. Reason: such compromise, the Israelis fear, might cost them the fast rising southern port that has become the dearest prize and symbol of 1955 Zionism.



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ARGENTINA

New Government

This week, just 50 days after General Eduardo Lonardi took over the Argentine presidency from Juan Perón, the anti-Perón revolutionary movement split like an overripe melon—and moderate Eduardo Lonardi was in the wrong half. Without waiting for the guns to be drawn up, he quietly stepped down. Into office went another, tougher revolutionary, Major General Pedro Eugenio Aramburu, 52.

The decisive split developed over an emotionally charged issue: should the vanquished followers of Perón be treated to stern vengeance or lenient tolerance? Some of Lonardi's backers demanded a hard-handed crackdown, picturing the old



Associated Press

PRESIDENT ARAMBURU

The crackdowners cracked down.

Peronistas as virtual war criminals who would nullify the revolution if given half a chance. Go easy, advised other Lonardi backers, arguing that most Peronistas had served the dictator unwillingly. "Neither victors nor vanquished," ruled Lonardi—satisfying nobody.

Liberals v. Nationalists. The quarrel, formless at first, sharpened in recent weeks, forcing most Argentines to choose sides. By early last week the line-ups were fairly well defined.

Those in favor of a crackdown included a secret society of self-styled "democratic, liberal" navy officers and other military men; a group of vengeful firebrands, jailed or exiled under Perón; the Radical Party and other minority parties that opposed Perón in years past and now together held 18 seats on the 20-member Consultative Council that Lonardi recently set up to advise him. Their Cabinet spokesman: Minister of Interior and Justice Eduardo Busso. Their real leader:

Vice Admiral Isaac Rojas, Lonardi's Vice President, who wants to try 273 former Peronista Congressmen for treason.

Against the crackdown were the rightists and neo-Nazis generally referred to in Argentina as nationalists: a group of unreconstructed Peronistas who hoped to ride back to influence with the nationalists; new right-wing or centrist parties, some under Roman Catholic auspices. Any of these might gain strength by attracting old Peronistas, whose party is now leaderless. Their spokesmen: Presidential Press Secretary Carlos Goyeneche and Army Minister Leon Bengoa.

The inevitable clash broke out at mid-week with a demand from the liberal faction that Lonardi oust the "clerical Fascists" in his Cabinet. Giving in, he fired Bengoa and Goyeneche. But the liberals' pleasure quickly faded when Lonardi wrote out a manifesto to the nation. Said he: "The government prefers that some guilty persons escape rather than permit some innocent persons to suffer"—a plain slap at Vice President Rojas' plan for mass trials. Further inflaming the crackdown group, Lonardi fired Minister Busso.

"Democracy, Yes!" Hastily the Consultative Council met in the Congress building, and while a crowd outside belled "Democracy, yes! Nazis, no!" 18 liberal members turned in their resignations in protest against Lonardi's actions. That in effect ended the young government. Through most of Sunday, Lonardi talked to a stream of visiting generals and politicians. Their joint decision was that Lonardi must give way to a leader with a firmer attitude toward the discredited Peronistas. Exhausted and sick (reportedly from ulcers), he gave up.

Aramburu, a general so distrusted by Perón that the strong man never even gave him a minor garrison command, is a crackdowner. He promptly renamed Admiral Rojas to the vice-presidency. Peronistas can now expect tough treatment.

BRAZIL

The Preventive Revolution

The army toppled the President last week in a Brazilian-style revolution: bloodless, almost gentle, and, to foreigners, bewildering. It was a coup to forestall a coup, a "preventive revolution."

Brazilian army officers traditionally like to think of themselves as the true defenders of constitutional government. A fervent upholder of that tradition is Lieut. General Henrique Teixeira Lott, 61, leader of last week's revolt. In recent months War Minister Lott had emerged as the army's staunchest opponent of the faction called *golpistas*—the military and civilian leaders who favor a *golpe* (coup) to keep middle-roading President-elect Juscelino Kubitschek (TIME, Oct. 17 *et ante*) from taking office next January.

A crisis began to simmer a fortnight ago, involving Lott's right to discipline

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an outspoken *golpista* army colonel. This dispute turned into a decisive test of strength between Lott and the *golpe* faction. In the midst of the crisis, a heart attack flattened President João Café Filho, and the Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, Carlos Luz, took over as Brazil's Acting President. Luz, suspected of being a *golpista*, ruled against War Minister Lott in the affair of the loose-lipped colonel. Lott resigned, and Luz promptly named a *golpista* general as War Minister.

That night, after telephoning trusted army comrades, Lott touched off what Brazilians labeled "the anti-*golpe*." In the small dark hours, troops in battle kit swarmed into rain-soaked Rio. By morning the city was in Lott's hands. Segments of the navy and air force first declared for Luz, but backed down the next day without firing a shot. Luz himself fled aboard a navy cruiser. The Chamber of Deputies declared Luz "unable to serve" (on the technical ground that he was at sea), duly named as his successor Senate President Nereu Ramos, next in line according to the Constitution. One of Ramos' first official acts was to reappoint Lott as War Minister. The following morning, ex-President Luz sent President Ramos a radio message that he had decided to go along with Congress' decision and return to Rio.

At week's end, with the *golpe* menace dispelled by Lott's bold anti-*golpe*, Brazil seemed calmer than it had been in months.

CANADA

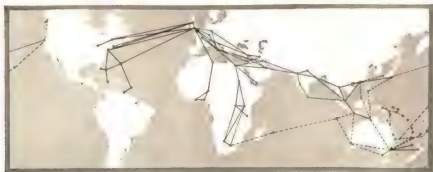
Landslide

Just as the noon Angelus pealed from the Cathédrale Saint-Jean-Baptiste one day last week, an earth-shaking rumble ran through the Quebec town of Nicolet (pop. 5,500). The old cathedral, built in 1757, trembled and its tall white spires tilted. The foundations of the nearby Bishop's palace crumbled and the building sank to its eaves in the mud. A Christian Brothers school toppled into the Nicolet River. A hole 40 ft. deep and 1,000 ft. long suddenly opened in the ground, swallowing an apartment house, three private homes and a service station. Small fires and explosions broke out and a cloud of smoke and dust rose hundreds of feet into the air over Nicolet.

"I thought it was an atomic bomb," said Eyewitness Jean Bainville later. It was not that bad, but the freak landslide that hit Nicolet was a sizable disaster. Three people were killed and 15 injured in the collapsing buildings. The property loss was estimated at more than \$2,000,000.

Cause of the landslide was the peaceful Nicolet River. About 15 years ago, the river changed its course and left only a dry bed near the school and the cathedral. Apparently an underground stream continued to flow beneath the old river bed, eroding the soil and rock to form a natural tunnel that finally collapsed. One consolation was that the crash came on a Saturday; on a school day the death toll might have run into hundreds.

TIME, NOVEMBER 21, 1955



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

A newswall in house guest's clothing, Britain's deep pink **Cedric Belfrage**, deported from the U.S. (TIME, May 25, 1953) but still editor of the fellow-traveling U.S. weekly *National Guardian*, recently visited the Swiss home of another exile from the U.S., veteran (66) Cinemas comedian **Charlie Chaplin**, an ex-resident of Hollywood since 1952. The two Britons chatted candidly and parted amicably. Last week, however, Belfrage, without leave from Leftist Chaplin, tattled on Charlie in the *Guardian*. According to Belfrage, Chaplin now detests America, his homeland for some 40 years. Chaplin was quoted as saying: "I no longer have any use for America at all. I wouldn't go back there if Jesus Christ was President!"

A week after her younger sister **Nina** ("Honey Bear") **Warren**, 22, eloped with a Los Angeles obstetrician (TIME, Nov. 14), blonde-faced Librarian **Dorothy Warren**, 24, second daughter of Chief Justice **Earl Warren**, got set to bring one more medicine man into the family. Her fiancé: New Jersey-born **Caroline D. Clemente**, Ph.D., 27, assistant professor of anatomy in the medical school at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Minus the monocle and orchid boutonniere he used to affect even while hunting, semi-retired Edwardian-style Playboy **Nubar Gulbenkian**,* fiftyish, son of the

* At Britain's elite *Psychic Hunt*, a horsey chap once superciliously told Gulbenkian that he had never before seen an orchid worn in the field. Gulbenkian's amiable squeal: "My dear sir, I expect this is the first time you have seen an Armenian out with the *Psychic*!"



PLAYBOY GULBENKIAN
Another hunt, another spot.

Combine

greatest wheeler-dealer of them all, the late billionaire **Five-Percenter Calouste Gulbenkian**, showed up in Britain, his old playground (he now lives in Portugal), sipped a spot of liquid warmth before riding off to a hunt in Buckinghamshire.

Convalescing from writer's cramp after a marathon of autographing some 4,000 copies of the first volume of his memoirs in Kansas City, **Harry S. Truman** visited Mississippi's Gulf Coast. Asked if the second volume of his reminiscences, to be published next February, will stir up any fuss, jaunty Author Truman grinned: "I might have to go live in Timbuktú!"

To liven up the opening of a mental health exhibit in London, Britain's wagsish Minister of Labor, **Sir Walter Monckton**,



United Press

MINISTER MONCKTON
Another blip, another jot.

ton, tried on a brain-wave recording device for size, came out looking as if he were a fugitive from a Martian barbershop.

Although left-wing Artist **Rockwell Kent**, 72, long ago testified under oath that he has never been a Communist, he is not willing to swear so for the State Department. Reason: Kent claims that repetition of his earlier denial is "irrelevant" to getting a passport. Result: a passport has thrice been denied to Artist Kent since 1950. Last week, Kent admitted the paradox of his position: "I have spent so much money on lawyers in my fight to get a passport that when I eventually do receive it, I'll have to recover financially so I'll have money to travel."

Packing a dictator-size revolver in a belly-gun holster, Nicaragua's slang-slinging Despot **Anastasio Somoza** struck a benign pose as he proudly surveyed one of



Associated Press

DICTATOR SOMOZA
Another day, another plot.

his pet projects. Port Somoza, now abuilding on Nicaragua's sultry Pacific coast. Somoza is fond of all sorts of artillery, but especially so these days, since he recently announced—(for the umpteenth time) that he is the target of an assassination plot engineered by his old neighbor and enemy, Costa Rica's peppery President **José Figueres**.

All but turned out to pasture by a recent spate of rumors, well-preserved (51) Crooner-Cinematic **Bing** (*The Country Girl*) **Crosby** started work on a filmed TV show in Hollywood, set questioners straight on the superannuation chatter: "Let's just say that I'm not going to retire quite as much as **Winston Churchill**, but more than **Betty Hutton**."^o

After a prosaic civil ceremony in the city hall of Versailles, pale, black-browed Five-and-Dime Heiress **Barbara Hutton** Mdivani **Haugwitz-Reventlow** Grant **Troubetzkoy Rubirosa**, 43 this week, ex-countess, twice an ex-princess, motored back to her rose-floated **Ritz Hotel** suite in Paris with her sixth groom. Having demoted herself to a baroness, **Barbara** beamed nonetheless at her attentive husband, once Nazi Germany's top tennis ace, **Baron Gottfried von Cramm**, 46. He had met **Barbara** about 18 years before in Cairo. Amidst toasts at the Ritz, the baron recalled: "We liked each other very much right away, but we decided to wait a few years before getting married." Chimed in the baroness: "I ought to have married him then." After several more stirrup cups, the reporters departed with the baron on their heels. He headed for the Ritz bar. Wheezy with bronchitis, the baroness retired to her bedchamber.

* Bugle-voiced Comedienne **Hutton** "retired" forever a year ago, has since launched two comebacks in TV.

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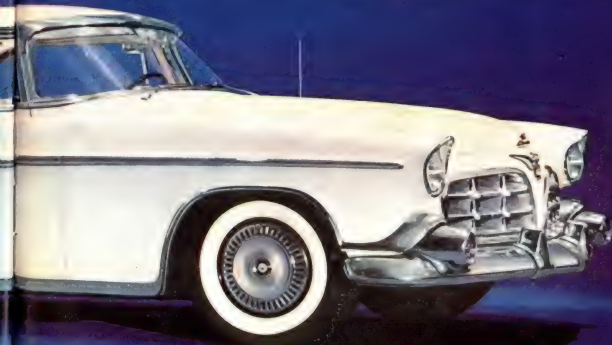
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MUSIC

The Most Exciting

The curtains closed on Chicago's Civic Opera House stage, and the scene's two principal singers stepped out to acknowledge the applause. First came Baritone Robert Weede, looking vaguely troubled, although he had sung well. Then, her hand in his, appeared Soprano Maria Meneghini Callas. She seemed overcome with gratitude as she curtsied, threw Weede a sidelong glance out of her dark almond eyes, blew a shy kiss to the audience, and grinned a triumphant little grin at the second balcony. Suddenly, Baritone Weede snatched his hand from hers and dashed for the wings, to let her reap her harvest of applause alone. No doubt about it—New York City-born, Greek-raised Soprano Callas, 31, indeed stands alone on today's operatic stage.

To the Solar Plexus. Soprano Callas had just sung Leonora in Verdi's *Il Trovatore* and once more affirmed her position as the world's most exciting opera singer. With the exception of one high note in her last big aria that degenerated into a sickly wobble, the whole performance gave off an incomparable glow. Perhaps the glow was brighter than ever, for Soprano Callas had just signed a contract as leading soprano next fall with Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera.

From *Il Trovatore*'s first notes, when she stood in slender profile in her crimson robe and sang of her love for an unknown troubadour (Tenor Jussi Björling), until she took poison and died in Act IV, her voice contained some of the bite and much of the richness of a clarinet. But its quality was warmed and softened with womanliness. It floated with effortless grace, swelled until it filled the whole block-long auditorium, tapered off sensuously into a decorative vocal arabesque. Whether she was making the most of one of her meaty arias or balancing her tones in ensemble with another singer's, the Callas voice went straight to the listener's solar plexus.

For Art's Sake? But Callas' singing, remarkable as it is, accounts for only part of her impact. To the unregenerate art of operatic acting, she brings a powerful personality. It shows in the expressive toss of her head as she trills some wordless coloratura, in the dramatic contrast of her long white fingers spread against a jet-black robe, in the sudden change in her face as, in mid-song, a new thought crosses her mind. She listens with a special intensity while others sing to her—although it is a question whether the pain that sometimes touches her brow is called for by the plot or caused by a fellow singer's strained note.

Obviously, the Callas talent would be an asset to any opera company, and the Metropolitan Opera's General Manager Rudolf Bing has coveted it for years. But Soprano Callas—who insists that she must be the highest-paid member of any company in which she sings—indig-

nantly refused the Met's ceiling of \$1,000 per performance. Instead she accepted a reported \$2,000 from Chicago's fledgling Lyric Theater company (TIME, Nov. 15, 1954). Said she at the time: "Who is the Met, my father or something? The Met can't afford me? I'm sorry, the Met will have to do without me."

Since then, the Met has decided that it cannot afford not to afford Callas. "In May, Mr. Bing came to Italy," she explained last week. "He saw me. We spoke. We were all right together." Both Manager Bing and Soprano Callas steadfastly



SOPRANO CALLAS WITH MANAGER BING IN CHICAGO
"He saw me. We spoke. We were all right together."

United Press

refused to disclose her salary, but educated guesses put it at \$2,000 per performance. Manager Bing announced that Callas would open the Met's 1956 season in her famed role, Norma, and chivalrously kissed her hand in her Chicago dressing room for the benefit of photographers. As to salary, he only remarked: "Our singers work for art's sake—and maybe a few flowers. Perhaps she will have a few more flowers."

1,000 Orchestras

The U.S., so often called culturally arid, had ten symphony orchestras in 1900; today it has more than 1,000. More than 100 of them sprouted in the past two years alone. Most are community or college orchestras whose budgets are less than \$125,000 a year and whose players earn their livings outside the ranks. The orchestras grew out of a deep and often overlooked cultural need in their communities. But they are also business organizations, merchandising music, and they must make ends meet or go out of existence.

Making ends meet in managing a symphony means knowing not only how to put a program together but how to hire a hall

and scale seat prices, how to find a first cellist and how to wangle newspaper space. Helping small-town symphonies with such chores is the task of the 13-year-old American Symphony Orchestra League, Inc. (headquarters: Charleston, W. Va.). The league has been taking a hard look at the music business and in the process, it has uncovered a mass of hitherto uncharted specifics. Item: community orchestras lose about 35% of their subscribers a year, hence must continually make new contacts. Item: it takes an average of 20 contacts to sell one new season ticket.

Through Error. For community orchestra managers—often amateurs who had to learn their business by trial and error

—the league now runs annual training sessions. Included in the curriculum: how to select guest artists and evaluate their fees; how and where to get music and musicians; how to achieve proper balance of power between manager, conductor, board of directors and musicians—and generally, how to keep a whole town happily working for its orchestra.

Much of the managerial lore was learned the hard way by League Executive Secretary Helen M. Thompson, 47, an amateur violinist who from 1942 to 1950 was manager of the symphony in Charleston (pop. 73,500). "I made all the usual mistakes in succession," she says cheerfully, "some of them twice." Among her mistakes:

❑ Making overoptimistic estimates of income and expenses, resulting in embarrassing need to raise more money in mid-season. The league now sends out specimens of good and bad budgeting.

❑ Assuming that almost any amount of money can be raised if enough people work hard enough. The league has concluded that a definite relationship usually exists between the size of a community and its orchestra's budget. Theoretical safe



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maximum: 50¢ per capita. Big-city orchestras, with different financing problems, vary widely from the norm, from 13¢ per capita in New York City to \$1.88 in Boston.

❑ Selling 7,000 tickets for half as many seats. The league now teaches a sound system of controls and checks on sales.

The effect of the managerial courses is immediate; in the first year, budgets in some towns rose by as much as 300% and their deficits disappeared. Today, the league cannot fill all the requests it gets for graduate managers.

From Within. Working with a \$6,000 grant from the Rockefeller Foundation, the league is also studying orchestra constitutions and bylaws, considers many "inadequate, outmoded and impractical." Some of its findings: managers and conductors, who are usually best informed



Tommy Weber

SYMPHONY LEAGUE'S THOMPSON
How to keep a whole town happy.

about the orchestra's life, are rarely members of the board; many women's committees, which sell most tickets and often raise most money, are not allowed to vote on policy; governing boards assume wide powers for control of their orchestras, but few of them are legally obliged to look after the orchestra's welfare.

Out of the league's concern for the members' musical welfare came another project. Says Secretary Thompson: "You have to have a license to run a beauty parlor, but there is nobody around to say what credentials one should ask for in a conductor. A bad one can ruin a town's musical taste for 25 years." So the league made it possible for 125 community-orchestra conductors to test their batons on the exacting Philadelphia, Cleveland and Los Angeles symphonies. The conductors refreshed their ears on what constitutes fine orchestral sound, learned more concise baton technique, and some were surprised to find that, when faced with an orchestra that could obey their slightest



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wish, they knew the score inadequately. Results: five left the conducting field, eight are taking advanced study, ten got better jobs.

Said one of the league's advisers: "Communities can either continue to build only smokestacks or they can build both smokestacks and a cultural life. The latter you cannot have by buying one-night stands of art events. You have to develop the arts from within your own people."

New Pop Records

He (Al Hibbler; Decca). Like *Trees*, this song may be credited with spawning a whole series of one-word song titles, e.g., *Pleasure*, *Guilty*, *Never*. It also caters to the pseudo-religious trend that is currently bidding for the juke-box nickel—reduced, of course, to the juke-box level of understanding. Sample: "He alone knows where to find the rainbow's end/He alone can see what lies beyond the bend . . ."

Knock the Knife (Louis Armstrong combo; Columbia). An up-tempo, updated version of Kurt Weill's wonderful old ragtime hit from *The Threepenny Opera* (1938). Satchmo plays a lilting chorus and grows some free variations on the fine Marc Blitzstein lyrics (1954). Then he hears a shouted "Take it, Satch!" and the Armstrong trumpet takes it high.

Old Masters (Bing Crosby; Decca, 3 LPs). The sequel to Crooner Crosby's last Decca album, consisting of original recordings made between 1934 and 1949. The title is a bit pretentious for even such a yellowed parchment as Crosby, but it does contain some rare items, e.g., *Dear Old Girl*, *Someday*, *Sweetheart*, *It's the Dreamer in Me*.

Only You (The Platters; Mercury). The rock-'n'-roll set is gobbling this one up fast. Its gimmick: a regular snapping sound on the offbeat, like a whipcrack. The lead singer, presumably frightened by that whip, shrieks in a quivering, gasping falsetto. A nerve-racking specimen of the continuing rock-'n'-roll dementia.

Ooh, Bang (Doris Day; Columbia). Clean-cut Doris seems to have gotten in over her head here. Why do some girls like some men? Answers Doris: "Some are charmin' and some have looks./Some have money and some read books./but my guy, he's got so much Ooh Bang, Jiggly jang . . . [clang, clang]."

The Rose Tattoo (Perry Como; Victor). A brief, misty legend in slow waltz tempo, from the forthcoming movie version of the Tennessee Williams play. It seems that some fellow got tattooed as a gesture of his undying love, and then he died, and the poor girl will "wait her whole life through" for him to return.

So Many Beautiful Men (Patricia Scott; Wing). A strange lament about an embarrassment of riches, sung in a silky but energetic tone over a bouncing beat.

Time (Rusty Draper; Mercury). A cheerful complaint indeed, considering the scope of the problem, sung over a chuckling, shuffle beat. Chorus: "Time, you're a villain./Time you're a thief. Time you stole my youth from me/and now you bring me grief."

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RELIGION

Unemployed Archbishop

Spain's Pedro Cardinal Segura y Sáenz is a man born out of his time. In his pastoral letters he has longed for the days of the "meritorious Inquisition"; he has repeatedly attacked Franco's government for too much toleration of Protestants, and he has berated the citizens of his diocese, Seville, for such licentiousness as dancing and going to the movies. Last year the Vatican curbed him through the appointment of an archbishop coadjutor; shortly afterwards, a spate of anti-Vatican leaflets was rumored to have originated in the cardinal's palace itself.

Last week it was officially announced that Archbishop Coadjutor José María Bueno y Monreal, 51, has been permanently appointed Apostolic Administrator of the diocese, with all the 74-year-old cardinal's responsibilities and functions.

The Promise

The Super-Constellation *Pinta* of Iberia Airlines was coming in for its scheduled landing at Bermuda on the run from Havana to Madrid. It was 11:15 p.m. Captain Don Fernando Bengoa, 37, was at the controls. Also aboard was Captain Fernando Rein-Loring, 53, the airline's chief pilot. As the *Pinta* let down for the landing, the right wheel of the tricycle landing gear stuck. Captain Rein-Loring and Pilot Bengoa tried unsuccessfully to dislodge it with the emergency hand pump. Captain Bengoa made several low passes over the field so the ground crew could inspect the wheel by searchlight. Then the Spanish flyers took the plane upstairs to decide what to do.

Ego Vos Absolvo. Back in the cabin, Padre Carlos Gonzalez Salas, 14, of Tampico, Mexico, a tall, athletic-looking priest

with the skin of an Indian, was chatting with his seat mate and looking out of the window. Gradually he began to realize that something was wrong. When a crew member explained the situation to the passengers, Padre Gonzalez Salas clutched his scapular and said a prayer. "I began," he said later, "to experience a great feeling of anxiety."

Meanwhile, Captain Rein-Loring and Pilot Bengoa were too busy to be nervous. The Bermuda airport had called Lockheed, the plane's manufacturer, in Manhattan and via short-wave radio put a landing-gear specialist in touch with the Constellation. He advised the pilot to try a more powerful auxiliary system built into the gear for just such emergencies; but it only broke a hydraulic line and made a normal landing out of the question. Captain Rein-Loring decided that the plane would have to be landed on its belly.

For two hours more the *Pinta* circled over Bermuda to lighten its gasoline load and give the crew time to prepare the 25 passengers with pillows beneath their safety belts and show them how to hold their heads down before the crash. Some of the children began to cry. An old lady became hysterical. Padre Gonzalez Salas prayed harder. One of the passengers asked him for absolution. With permission from Captain Rein-Loring, the priest went through the plane preparing his fellow passengers for death with the act of contrition and prayer.

"I was very much upset," he says. "I don't remember whether or not I recited the words well. But I remember referring to everybody, saying, 'Ego vos absolvo.' There was only one Protestant aboard—I think he was a German archaeologist. All he asked was whether the absolution was valid for him. 'Yes,' I answered. 'but



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Longines watches illustrated: left—Starlight E-A 36, 14K white gold, 28 round and 8 baguette diamonds, \$550; right—President Wilson R, 14K gold case, \$150. Longines diamond watches priced from \$125. Other Longines watches from \$71.50.

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everything depends on whether you have faith."

As the plane circled for its landing, Padre Gonzalez Salas quietly pledged himself. If the passengers were saved, to crawl on his hands and knees from the bottom to the top of the Spanish hill called Cerro de Los Angeles. At last the Constellation seemed to hover for a moment over the runway; then it touched and skidded, screaming and careening, while a U.S. Air Force crash truck sped alongside ready to spray it with a flame-extinguishing foam.

Knees Among the Stones. On a grey, cold morning in Spain last week, Padre Carlos Gonzalez Salas rose early in Madrid, where he had come from his philosophy studies at Salamanca's Universidad Pontifica. After Mass and breakfast, he climbed into a borrowed car and set out with his cousin and another priest for Cerro de Los Angeles, eight miles south of the city. This rugged hill is the exact geographical center of Spain. On its top once stood a huge monument, topped by a statue of Christ, which Communists dynamited during the civil war; since then, a smaller copy has been erected while a new statue is abiding nearby.

At the bottom of the hill, Carlos Gonzalez Salas dropped to his knees and began the steep ascent up 200 yards of mud and boulders. Yard after yard, he placed his knees among the sharp stones; beside him struggled his companions, helping him bodily over almost impassable boulders. A training plane from a nearby army field circled low over the tiny group toiling so slowly up the hillside.

At the top at last, Padre Gonzalez Salas rose from his bruised and bleeding knees to offer a *Te Deum* of thanksgiving for the passengers of the *Pinta*, not one of whom had suffered so much as a scratch in the rough landing. Then the padre turned to his companions. "I am very happy," he said.

The Good Books

Gold is the label, red and black the hinged cardboard box. Inside, recipients of this Christmas package will find two best-sellers: a King James Bible in imitation leather, zippered open and shut with a plastic ball containing a mustard seed; a red and gold imitation leather copy of *The Power of Positive Thinking* by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. Price of this *Treasury of Faith: Savings*. "There is no substitute for the Bible," writes Dr. Peale on the box, but it is clear which book he expects people to read first. "I hope that readers will be encouraged," he adds, "to turn to the Bible itself."

Billy in the Lions' Den

"The senior proctor has warned undergraduates that Billy Graham must not be kidnapped when he arrives in Cambridge today." This stern warning in the varsity newspaper greeted Evangelist Graham when he arrived for a week-long revival that was certainly one of the strangest weeks ever known by Cambridge, whose

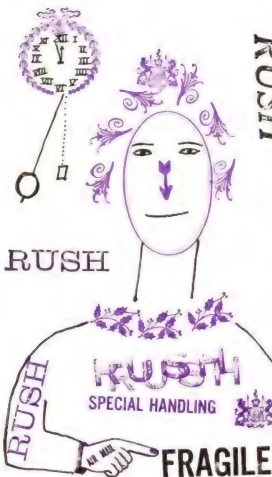
¶ Matthew 17:20

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AIR MAIL

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Once there was a woman and she had the Christmas spirit. In fact, she had so much Christmas spirit, that her gift list grew longer and longer every year. Unfortunately, her bank balance didn't grow along with it.

She started her shopping earlier. She walked and she looked and she stopped and she thought. Then she sat down to rest. And there on the counter before her, was the key to her Christmas problem. Of all things, it was a large Simplicity Pattern Catalog.

She thumbed through the pages, she went down her list. There was a handsome

robe for Dad, adorable doll clothes for Mimi, aprons galore for the "Aunts", even stuffed toys for the babies. She heaved a sigh of relief, bought three printed patterns, and fabric to match, and headed straight for home. That was how it began.

She hemmed and she pinked and she nodded. And as Christmas drew nearer, her pile of packages grew larger, and the spirit lived in her heart. What a wonderful thing, she thought, to put part of yourself in a gift... your work, your time, the touch of your hands. She'd never had so much fun!

And then it was Christmas

morning--with gifts for all on her list. They Oh'd and they Ah'd and they kissed her. And she almost burst with pride. It was the merriest Christmas any of them ever had... because, you see, she did it all by herself -- with the help of Simplicity Printed Patterns.

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attitude toward religion has long been intellectual, skeptical, or slightly pained.

Evangelist Graham's sponsor was CICC—the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union—called "Kick You" by both its friends and enemies. The 400 undergraduate members stimulate many of their fellow students and dons to snorts of irritation at their frankly anti-intellectual attitude and their assurance that they alone have the Gospel of Christ. "Why, didn't you know?" said one classics student last week. "In Cambridge, Christ is the property of CICC." "But you can't enter into CICC's Christ," said another, "because they have only one part of Him—the crucified part."

CICC believers deny that they are literalists or anything but plain Christians. "We simply uphold the fundamental, orthodox beliefs of the church. In short, we believe in the Apostles' Creed. We do not prefix it with a 'maybe,'" says CICC's president.

No Hara-Kiri. When Billy Graham accepted CICC's invitation to Cambridge last August (he insisted on paying his own expenses), there was a flurry of nattering pro and con in the letters columns of the *Times*. "The recent increase of fundamentalism among university students cannot but cause concern," wrote an Anglican canon. "Universities exist for the advancement of learning. On that basis, therefore, can fundamentalism claim a hearing at Cambridge?"

But the vicar of the church of Saint Mary's the Great, official church of Cambridge University, arranged for Billy to use his pulpit. Though regretting CICC's "exclusive attitude" of non-cooperation with other religious bodies, he explained: "We must continue to help them when we can, providing we are not expected to commit intellectual hara-kiri."

Billy arrived on Poppy Day, traditional for its student high jinks to raise money for disabled veterans, and it was reliably rumored that five separate groups of undergraduates planned to kidnap and hold him for ransom. But the brisk vigilance of students and plainclothesmen kept him safe for CICC.

What the Bible Says. The Billy Graham who walked into Great Saint Mary's for his first preaching session was a long way from Georgia, or even from London's Harringay Arena. There was no singing, no platform to pace, no lapel microphone, no special lighting. Dressed in a black academic gown with the red, green and gold hood of an honorary doctor of laws (Houghton College, N.Y., '50), he stood in the cramped quarters of the pulpit before a crowd of 1,200 which had left behind an overflow queue two blocks long. When he began to speak, probably no more than 10% of them were wholeheartedly for him. But Billy's face never lost its smile.

Admitting that he found the pulpit confining, he told about the little girl who watched a preacher ranting and jumping about in the pulpit and asked her mother: "What will we do, Mother, if he gets out?" He disclaimed any pre-



R. B. C. Wagon
BILLY GRAHAM (RIGHT) AT CAMBRIDGE
For "Kick You," love you.

tensions to learning or theological subtleties. "I am here to tell you what the Bible preaches," he said, and over and over again he began his sentences with: "This is what the Bible says."

On the second night, one exasperated young intellectual exclaimed aloud. "Really, you can't get away with that, Billy!" But as the week wore on, Billy Graham must have known how Daniel felt in the lions' den. The crowds came and stayed, silent and impressed. More than 400 made "Decisions for Christ."

Once when a divinity professor introduced him with the reminder that he "could not agree with his doctrinal views," Billy rose smiling in the tense silence and said that he did not think that kind of disagreement made much difference. "We are all Christians and we love one another," he said. "A minister is not a minister unless he is winning men for Christ. If theological students don't think they can do that, they should quit studying for the ministry." The students applauded for three minutes.

Words & Works

¶ Japan now has 512,450 Christians, according to a survey by the weekly *Christian News*—285,022 Protestants, 193,724 Roman Catholics, 33,704 Orthodox.

¶ In Milwaukee, a jury of pastors found Lutheran Pastor Victor K. Wrigley, 35, guilty of heresy on five counts, including: "Denying the objective authority of the Holy Scripture" and "Denying the historical fact of the Virgin Birth." Minneapolis' Paul E. Bishop, President of the Northwest Synod of the United Lutheran Church, said he would suspend Heretic Wrigley "without a doubt."

¶ Women employees of Miami department stores have organized "Christ-like Christmas Parties, Inc." Purpose: to oppose alcoholic Christmas celebrations by business firms.

FLORIDA

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A tank full of gas is all you need to cruise the Florida Keys by car. A ribbon of highway and island-hopping bridges carry you toll-free from the mainland to the southern tip of the United States at old Key West.

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Now you get Dynaflo-smooth getaway response that's instant-quick in *average* traffic—a trigger-fast answer from the *top* of the pedal, *without* flooring it to switch the pitch. (And that means a big new betterment in your gas mileage.)

But when you need that extra surge for emergency pull-away—it's there in a split second, and in extra plenty.

All this, of course, adds up to just one of the host of great new features to be found in Buick for '56.

For this is the car that succeeds the most successful Buick in history—and tops it by every measure.

So here you have spectacular new V8 engines with the velvety might of new highs in horsepowers and compression ratios.

Here you have a new and brilliantly engineered chassis



When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

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that brings a superb new ride and handling and roadability to the American scene.

Here you have a spanking-new sweep-ahead look that sets a new pattern in styling—and exquisitely fashioned interiors that are color harmonized to the striking body tones.

Here you have, in literal fact, the best Buicks yet—and nothing will prove that more firmly than a visit to your Buick dealer to see and sample this truth for yourself.

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Classic Confidence

Ever since the first running of the Washington, D.C. International at Maryland's Laurel race track three years ago, the turf-course classic has been a favorite among foreign horsemen. Entries are by invitation only, and Venezuelan Engineer Dr. Carlos Vogeler Rincones was a sad *caballero* indeed when his bay colt El Chama was passed over in favor of another Venezuelan-owned colt named Prendase. Sure that he owned the better horse, Dr. Vogeler cabled the race committee, offered to pay all expenses himself (about \$5,000) if El Chama were given a shot at the \$65,000 purse. The committee approved; Dr. Vogeler had bought himself an invitation.

There were precious few horseplayers who thought much of Dr. Vogeler's investment. Among the foreign entries, the Irish Republic's President Sean T. O'Kelly's Derby Winner Panasslipper was the people's choice; Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's Social Outcast was the homebred favorite. El Chama was an ill-favored long shot at about 20-to-1.

El Chama was every bit as anxious as his owner. At the start, he broke and forced a recall. Next time the field got off ragged but right. Prendase moved steadily to the front. By the time the leaders pounded into the stretch it was a three-horse race; Prendase was still on top, going all-out to hold off El Chama and Social Outcast.

Running on his own courage, Social Outcast had circled wide to reach the stretch and raced himself out. He faded and finished third. Aboard El Chama, Venezuela's leading jockey, Raúl Bustamante, had rated his mount carefully and saved ground on the inside; now he moved up smartly. Prendase had enough left to make a fight of it, but not quite enough to get his head under the wire in front of the fast-driving El Chama.

After the finish photo was developed, the stunned crowd went back to its form charts and tried to figure just how it had overlooked those South American visitors. The Laurel band, to its credit, recovered first. "Let us all stand," stuttered an announcer as the band broke into *Gloria al Bravo Pueblo*. Someone had had the forethought to supply the music of the Venezuelan national anthem.

Awesome Aggies

At Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, even the students in the stands take their football the hard way. The Aggies' corps of cadets stand from start to finish of every game—and at Texas A. & M. most of the students are cadets. A long and proud tradition of military training and service runs back to the school's foundation in 1876, when wolves and deer still roamed its vast, land-grant acres of Brazos County in east-central Texas. Today there are nearly 7,000 Aggies, and not a coed among them to

hamper the self-conscious military discipline that has made the college a special favorite with many a Texas parent.

Although a talent for football can earn a husky young man a life of comparative ease at most universities, the spartan life at College Station still draws its fair share of athletes. Last week the best Aggie team in years traveled to Houston to take on Rice Institute, and scored three times in the final three minutes and 18 seconds of the game, to whip the fired-up Owls, 20 to 12. It took the Aggies a long while to get started, but once they clicked they did everything right.

Stiff Penalty. Such rousing football is typical of teams coached by Paul ("Bear") Bryant. (He played that way

on the conference doormat. But Bear has been feeding the writers their prophecies ever since. After a slow start against U.C.L.A. (when they looked tough even while losing 21-0), the Aggies have been knocking over everyone in their way. Only against Arkansas did they slow down, and then they eked out a 7-7 tie.

Old grads watch Halfback John David Crow and are happily reminded of that Aggie immortal, Jarrin' John Kimbrough. The hard-charging linemen are many, mean and magnificent, and recently the squad elected Sophomore Jim Stanley as the meanest of the bunch. "Shucks," said the dark-eyed guard who knows an Aggie compliment when he hears it, "that's an awful big honor."

Now, only Texas U. stands between the awesome Aggies and the conference title that they have not won since 1941.



COACH BEAR BRYANT & PLAYERS
The wrong end was the right salesman.

Don Uhrbrock

himself in the early '30s when he was the "wrong end" on a fine Alabama team that had its headlines hogged by a glue-fingered pass-grabber named Don Hutson.) Even on Monday afternoons, when other squads are still resting from their weekend's labors, the Aggies butt heads on their Brazos River practice fields.

When it comes to beating the bushes for new talent, Bear Bryant drives himself as hard as he ever drives his players. He had hardly hit Texas early last year, a refugee from the high-pressure Kentucky basketball barony of Adolph Rupp, when he put on a recruiting drive that started other Southwest Conference coaches screaming: "Foul!" Conference officials promptly blew the whistle on Bear's overenthusiastic salesmanship and set the Aggies back with a stiff penalty: two years' probation and orders not to appear in any bowl games.

Big Honor. In early fall, that bowl-game prohibition seemed academic to most Southwest sportswriters. Almost to a man they picked the Aggies to finish up

Scoreboard

¶ Just as he did last year, Princeton's injury-prone pass pitcher, Royce N. Flippen Jr., ended a long season of bench-warming by leading his team to an upset victory over Yale, 13-0.

¶ A pair of untamed Pitt Panther ends, John Paluck and Joe Walton, spent the afternoon in the West Virginia backfield and helped send the Mountaineers home on the short end of a 26-7 score. West Virginia's first defeat of the season.

¶ While Michigan mauled Indiana 30-0, Michigan State kept pace in the Big Ten race by beating Minnesota 42-14. Now the Spartans' Rose Bowl hopes ride on the capable shoulders of Ohio State. The Buckeyes can send Michigan State westward by stopping Michigan in this week's Big Ten wind-up.

¶ The sudden emergence of Halfback Louis J. Rovero as a speedy, brokenfield ball carrier helped Dartmouth upset Cornell for the first time since 1949. Score: 7-0.

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EDUCATION

The Search

The student who burst into his office seemed so distraught that Professor James A. Martin Jr. of Amherst College's department of religion has never forgotten him. "Sir," said the student that day two years ago, "I am at the end of my rope. I have now lost my faith in science, and I gave up religion long ago! What am I to do?" The student, in a sense, was asking the question on behalf of a whole generation that has found an urgent desire to believe. Today on campuses across the

¶ In 1936, says Episcopal Minister Frederic Kellogg of Cambridge, Mass., only about 35 Harvard students showed up for Sunday Episcopal services. Now 500 come on Sundays and 200 come on Wednesdays. Church attendance in the Yard is also up—from 400 two years ago to an average Sunday turn-out of up to 1,000.

¶ In 1928, the University of Chicago employed one chaplain. It now has eleven full-time chaplains and 13 part-time workers. When Theologian Paul Tillich arrived to deliver a series of lectures, so many students wanted to attend that Tillich had



HARVARD EPISCOPAL CHAPLAIN KELLOGG & PARISHIONERS
For a wistful generation, a doubting of doubts.

James F. Coyne

U.S., the young American is searching for answers in an area that his prewar counterpart was all too ready to scorn.

In its current quarterly report, the Carnegie Corp. of New York gave a preview of a survey made by four Cornell sociologists of 7,000 students at twelve colleges and universities. Of those questioned, eight out of ten said that they feel a need for a religious faith. Only 1% described themselves as atheists. Though the tendency, said the report, is not toward any particular creed, today's students seem fairly well agreed that there must be some religious system, "based on God as the Supreme Being." Other signs of a new interest in religion on U.S. campuses:

¶ In 1933, Yale offered only three undergraduate courses in religion, one of which (Biblical literature) had only four students. Today the university offers twelve courses, and Biblical literature alone has 400 students. Meanwhile, the Yale Co-op has had such a demand for religious books that it has set up a separate section for religion.

to move to a hall twice as big as the one originally assigned.

¶ In 1930, Princeton's first course in religion had 20 students. Now 700 Princetonians are enrolled in various religion classes, and the university has started a new program leading to a doctorate of philosophy in religion.

¶ At the University of California, faculty members have started meeting once a week for special seminars on religious topics.

Full Turn. Though the new enthusiasm is not yet universal, almost every campus has felt it. "I've been in the dean's office for more than 20 years," says Nicholas McKnight, dean of students at Columbia College, "and never have I seen such a wide interest in religion among the students."

To some observers, the return to religion is actually a revolt against revolt. As previous generations felt it necessary to throw off old orthodoxies, so this generation is ready to discard yesterday's iconoclasm, which had become a sort of orthodoxy of its own.

Revolt or not, says the Rev. George Buttrick, Harvard's professor of Christian morals, "the cycle has come full turn. Once we doubted our faith. Now we have come to doubt our doubts." The most overshadowing reason for this is "the threat of nothingness" brought on by the atomic bomb. Adds William D. Geoghegan, assistant professor of religion at Bowdoin College: "The resurgence of religion is largely due to the shock administered to cultural Couéism by two world wars, a depression, and the painful knowledge that the great powers possess the awesome tools of genocide. Religion is seen as an essential tool in the hard work of sheer survival, not as a matter of icing on the cake."

For the most part, one of the dominant characteristics of the new young Christians is not their concern with social service but their preoccupation with finding themselves. "Religiously," says Clarence P. Shedd, emeritus professor of Christian methods at Yale, "it is a wistful generation, tired of living on 'snap judgments' and seeking enduring foundations . . . This does not mean a 'return' to religion or a 'revival' of religion. Rather it means that these students are seeking to come to grips with the basic problems of faith and living. They are asking not superficial but ultimate questions, and they will not be satisfied with easy answers. They want to find solid grounds for ultimate loyalties."

In their search for solid grounds, the students have not surrendered their right to criticize, nor do they seem any more susceptible than their parents to blind acceptance of dogma. As a matter of fact, says Kaare Roald Bergethson, dean of the college at Brown University, the students seem so tolerant of the beliefs of others that "if I had seen this same phenomenon in the '30s, I would have thought it was indifference, but today I know it isn't." This tolerance has meant that old gods have not been dethroned; they have merely been demoted. "Science students," says Goucher's Director of Religious Activities, Walter Morris, "have come to realize that science is accurate and true in those areas to which it has purposely limited itself." Freud is still studied respectfully, but he no longer monopolizes the conversation. The fashion now, says Nicholas Cardell, director of the University of Chicago's Unitarian Channing Club, "is to talk of Niebuhr or Tillich."

Queen of the Sciences. Once again religion has become intellectually respectable. "In my day," says David Webster, acting dean of men at Temple University, "we were apt to say that religion is a superstition." Today, says Chaplain Richard Unsworth of Smith College, "theology is no longer classed with domestic science as a subject not suited for a liberal arts college." Adds Bowdoin's William Geoghegan: "One average student was recently asked if he thought theology was the 'Queen of the Sciences.' He replied: 'I don't know, but I can see how it could be.' Twenty or 30 years ago,

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the question would probably have been dismissed as nonsense."

For thousands of young Americans, such a dismissal today would be intellectual heresy. Brown University reports that more students are taking courses in religion than ever before; the number of Smith girls enrolled in religion courses has doubled to 442 since 1950. On campus after campus, says Amherst's James Martin, "there is what one might call at least a new look at the values of our Hebrew-Christian heritage, not only as a neglected and important factor in our cultural history, but also as a possible source of faith for living in today's world—or yesterday's, or tomorrow's. For some men the new look is a second look at ideas and personalities briefly encountered in Sunday school and long since dismissed.

"For others... it is a first look at something brand-new to their thinking. These come to us as religious illiterates. They are totally ignorant of Biblical literature... What they find, when they look for a first time with relatively mature minds at the Hebrew Epic, the Hebrew prophets, the wisdom of the authors of Job, the life and teachings of Jesus, the Resurrection Faith of the early Christian church, the synoptic vision of an Augustine or Thomas Aquinas, the courage of Luther or the consistency of Calvin, the... challenging insights of Kierkegaard, Buber, Barth, Tillich, or the Niebuhrs—what they find when they look at all this for the first time is, I suggest, at least something to think about, and finally something to decide about, one way or another."

Facts with a Vengeance

At the 25th anniversary of the university's Social Science Research Building, Chancellor Lawrence A. Kimpton of the University of Chicago had some words to say about the social sciences: "There are too many people who enter the field with a readymade conclusion obtained from their local household gods rather than their laboratories, and proceed to gather facts and footnotes to substantiate it... There is the sociologist who wants a better society of a certain kind... [the] social scientist of a minority group who gathers data about the difficulties of other minority groups... the second-generation-immigrant historian who writes of the woes of the immigrant in America... Now the problems that underlie these concerns are important, but I suggest that too often a value thesis becomes confused with sound theory..."

"There has developed another school among the social scientists, and they gather facts with a vengeance. They count things and correlate things and obtain medians and means and standard deviations. This school flourishes most among, though it is not limited to, the educationists; and though Johnny may not be able to read, he has been well counted and correlated... The fact-gathering becomes so elaborate and monumental that the problem which initiated it disappears along with any possible conclusion."

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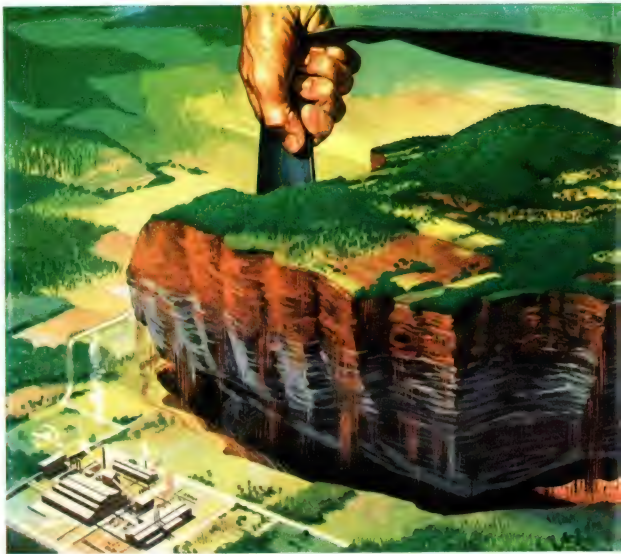
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MEDICINE

Heart Questionnaire

Despite the high frequency of heart attacks, U.S. physicians still do not know just how often they occur, or with what results. In last week's *A.M.A. Journal*, Dr. Paul Dudley White appealed to all his colleagues to send him data of two kinds:

1) How many patients with acute coronary thrombosis did each physician treat in the 30-day period beginning Sept. 24, when the President had his attack? Details wanted include patient's sex and age, occupation, national origin, and whether the attack proved fatal in the first 24 hours or in one of the following four weeks.

2) How many patients who are still living had similar attacks at least 90 days before the President's attack, *i.e.*, before June 25? Are they back at full-time or part-time work, invalided or retired?

Udder Antibodies

The cow's udder is the world's most prodigious factory of antibodies, and all might be used to give human beings protection (at least temporarily) against an almost infinite variety of infectious diseases, two University of Minnesota researchers reported hopefully in *Manhattan* last week.

This invitation to experts to change their beliefs about mechanisms of immunity was offered by Drs. William E. Petersen and Berry Campbell, who have been working on it (with a dozen colleagues off and on) for ten years. Paul ("Magic Bullet") Ehrlich had shown that antibodies, missing from the blood of calves at birth, can pass to the young in the dam's colostrum. It had been thought that the human species, whether babe or

grown man, was unable to pick up these protective antibodies. Not so, say Petersen and Campbell: man and a slew of barnyard beasts and birds can benefit from them. A cow that is vaccinated in the dry phase with preparations of killed bacteria will produce colostrum* with 120 times the antibody concentration found in blood. The level falls from these peaks within a few days, but stays on a relatively high plateau for months.

The researchers tried animals with many kinds of germs: the antibody factory worked full blast. They injected as many as eight kinds of bacteria into the udder at one time and got no evidence of interference among different antibody assemblies. Viruses seemed to work about as well; so did some bigger parasites and even plant pollens that might cause allergic reactions. Say Researchers Petersen and Campbell: "The range of antigenic material to which the cow's udder will respond seems limitless."

Hopefully they go on: "We may envisage the use of a standard packet of antigens . . . for the great bulk of the consumers. This would [represent] the various strains of the Group A streptococci, and the staphylococci, pneumococci, tubercle bacilli, typhoid, paratyphoid and diphtheria organisms, and eventually the virus antigens of poliomyelitis, rubella, measles and other diseases. Other packets of disease antigens for special regions, seasons or fractions of the population might be demanded."

So far, however, the protective power of milk antibodies has not been clearly

* The first milk given after calving, which is especially rich in fats and proteins. One of the proteins is gamma globulin, which, in turn, contains antibodies.



RESEARCHERS PETERSEN & CAMPBELL AT WORK
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proved in the case of normal diseases of animals, let alone humans. Unfortunately, also, the protection with which Petersen and Campbell hope to spike their milk is sharply limited. It depends on passive immunity—the kind conferred by shots of gamma globulin against measles and possibly polio. Only active immunity (from the disease itself or direct vaccination) is lasting; passive immunity will wear off in a few weeks at most, after the intake of bovine antibodies stops. To keep it up, a man might have to drink a quart of milk every day of his life. It is no accident that the American Dairy Association has financed Researchers Campbell and Petersen.

Misuse of Antibiotics

To the growing list of undesirable side effects resulting from treatment with antibiotics, Manhattan's Dr. Jerome Weiss last week added one that most patients may prefer not to talk about, though it can be both painful and serious: antibiotic diarrhea. It is, Weiss told the Michigan Academy of General Practice in Detroit, "a new entity." Besides high frequency of bowel movements, symptoms include distressing itching around the anus, nausea, vomiting and severe abdominal cramps.

Any antibiotic—perhaps any drug used to kill bacteria—might cause this disorder, said Dr. Weiss, but most often to blame are the "broad-spectrum" antibiotics such as aureomycin, terramycin, Chloromycetin. The doctor may be using these wisely against an infection for which they are known to be effective, or unwisely against "virus" diseases in which they are not likely to be of any use. Either way, the antibiotics kill off many of the bacteria normally found in a healthy intestinal tract. In so doing, they disturb the balance of nature and leave the depopulated gut as a breeding ground for yeastlike fungi, especially one called *Monilia* (or *Candida albicans*).

"The patients were assured by their physicians," said Gastroenterologist Weiss, "that the upset and pruritus [itching] were only temporary and would subside. After a week of these distressing symptoms, they would be given some of the routine peccate preparations and more reassurance. By the end of the third week, after having been starved, given antispasmodics and various internal and external medications to no avail, they sought the aid of the gastroenterologist."

In some cases, especially where the trouble was a simpler disturbance in the balance of ordinary colon bacilli, Dr. Weiss found that acidophilus milk did the trick. More often, however, he had to use an ion-exchange resin with silicates (Resion), and eventually had to beef this up with phthalysulfacetamide, an intestinal antiseptic, and—ironically—another antibiotic, Polymixin-B.

The intestine is not the only organ troubled by the *Monilia* fungus. This micro-organism was first found in the throat (in cases of thrush), also occurs regularly in the vagina. Many women

TIME, NOVEMBER 21, 1955

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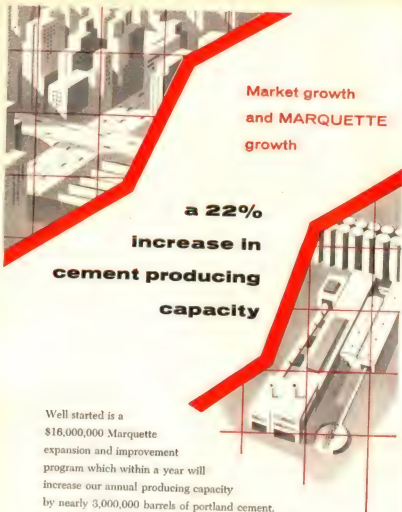
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who take aureomycin or related antibiotics develop a stubborn inflammation of the vagina and perineal region. Sometimes the organism spreads over large areas and reaches the lungs or brain, heart or kidneys. There have been cases in which a child's entire body has been covered with itchy inflammation. In treating such cases of moniliasis, still another antibiotic has been found to help undo the harm wrought by other antibiotics—nystatin (Mycostatin), which has come into general use only this year.

Too often, doctors give antibiotics to victims of virus infections, in the vain hope that they may do some immediate good, and to ward off a later infection by bacteria moving in on weakened tissues. The Food & Drug Administration's Dr. Barbara Moulton warned a fortnight ago that this is bad on two grounds: 1) there is evidence that some beneficial bacteria destroy harmful viruses, so they should be given every chance, not wiped out by antibiotics; 2) by no means every viral disease carries the danger of secondary bacterial infection. Antibiotics, she insisted, may actually delay recovery in cases of the common cold, influenza, polio, mumps and herpangina (a kind of sore throat). So they should be used only where there is a clear and positive need for them.

Capsules

¶ The U.S. Public Health Service wound up its study of the Cutter vaccine "incident" (TIME, Sept. 5) with a report that it has now found live polio virus of the most dangerous strain (Mahoney, of Type I) in all six of the suspected batches of vaccine; also, Type II was found in one lot and Type III in two more. Of the 401,000 vaccinated with Cutter material, 79 got polio; 90 others were infected by contact with Cutter-vaccinated children.

¶ The Association of Military Surgeons gave the 1955 Gorgas Medal* for distinguished service to Colonel Victor A. Byrnes of the U.S. Air Force Medical Service. Ophthalmologist Byrnes has just reported that even an old-fashioned A-bomb set off at night can cause blindness in unprotected eyes 40 miles away by "boiling" the liquid in the retina. Strangely, the injury might be painless.

¶ To help physicians detect rheumatoid arthritis in its earliest stages and thus treat it more effectively, Connecticut's Grace-New Haven Hospital invited doctors to submit blood samples from suspected victims. Said the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation: A test developed in 1947, then only 50% accurate, has now been simplified and refined to 90% accuracy. Basis of the test: for an as yet unknown reason, mixing blood from an arthritic patient with specially treated sheep blood causes the sheep-blood cells to clump.

* Named for Army Surgeon William Gorgas (1854-1930), who fought yellow fever in the Panama Canal Zone.



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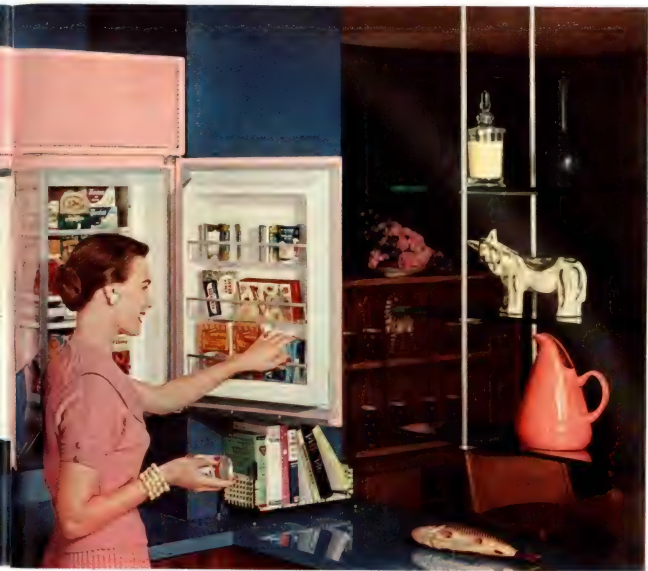


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SCOTCH with a History

THE PRESS

The Last Word

One way to be unpopular in Holmes County, Miss., is to criticize the sheriff for mistreating a Negro. When good-looking dark-haired Mrs. Hazel Brannon Smith, 41, tried this in the two weeklies she owns and edits, she found herself on the losing end of a libel suit filed by the sheriff. But last week, thanks to a Mississippi Supreme Court decision, Editor Smith's courageous editorial voice had the last—and winning—word.

It was a voice that, in front-page editorials or in her weekly column, "Through Hazel Eyes," had long sounded like the county's conscience. Just out of the University of Alabama, Hazel Brannon arrived in Holmes County in 1936, borrowed



EDITOR SMITH
Victory—Through Hazel Eyes.

\$3,000, bought the weekly *Durant News* (circ. 1,475). She was doing well enough by 1943 to take over the county's only other paper, the *Advertiser* (circ. 2,800), in the county seat of Lexington (pop. 3,198), put them both to campaigning against gambling and bootlegging in the dry county.

64 Indictments. In 1946 she badgered the county into grand jury investigations that produced 64 indictments against slot-machine operators and liquor racketeers. The same year she landed in trouble when she interviewed the widow of a Negro during the trial of five white men charged with killing him. Since the widow was a witness in the case, the judge found Editor Smith in contempt of court, told her: "I realize you are putting on a great campaign for law and order, but if you read history, you will see that the only Perfect Being did not make much of a bit with His reform." Editor Smith appealed the decision to the State Supreme Court and

won a reversal. In 1948, after an ex-G.I. had been killed in an auto collision with a man just acquitted of bootlegging charges, she roasted the jury for leniency; the editorial won the year's top award of the National Federation of Press Women.

As bootlegging increased again in Holmes County, Editor Smith repeatedly attacked Sheriff Richard F. Byrd. Then, on the Fourth of July weekend last year, the sheriff drove up to a group of Negroes gathered about a small country store at Tchula. He asked one of them, Henry Randle, 27, what he meant by "whooping." The Negro denied any whooping, witnesses reported, and the sheriff cursed and struck him. When Randle raised his arm to ward off the blows, the sheriff drew his pistol and yelled, "Get going!" As Randle ran off, Sheriff Byrd reportedly shot him in the thigh.

Editor Smith ran the story—along with the fact that she had not been able to reach Sheriff Byrd for a statement. The next week, with Byrd still silent, she front-paged an editorial that won her the second top award from the Federation of Press Women: "The laws in America are for everyone—rich and poor, strong and weak, white and black. The vast majority of Holmes County people are not rednecks who look with favor on the abuse of people because their skins are black. Byrd has violated every concept of justice, decency and right. He is not fit to occupy [his] office."

Punishment. Sheriff Byrd broke his silence with a \$57,500 suit for libel: he denied he had even fired his pistol that night—or that Randle had been shot. Despite the testimony of a white physician who had treated Randle's wound, the jury believed the sheriff, gave him a verdict for \$10,000 against Hazel Smith. She appealed to the State Supreme Court, charging that the libel verdict against her was "punishment for daring to criticize a white man for doing a Negro."

Last week the state's high court unanimously reversed the Holmes County Circuit Court. Ruled Justice Percy Lee: Editor Smith's story had been "substantially true. The right to publish the truth, with good motives and for just ends, is inherent in the Constitution." Commented Editor Smith: "I don't regard this as a personal victory, but rather as a victory for the people's right to know."

In California the press won another court victory. When San Francisco *Chronicle* Reporter Jack Howard refused to tell who had given him a union official's direct quotation in a labor dispute, a county judge ruled him in contempt and sentenced him to "an indefinite period" in jail (TIME, Oct. 17). Since Howard had apparently identified his informant, i.e., the union official, in his news story, the judge reasoned, he had waived the protection of the state law giving newsmen the right to refuse to disclose their sources. But the State Court of Appeals held that



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the quote need not have come to Howard from the union official himself, but from a friend. Therefore, decided the court, Howard was exercising his legal right to protect his sources.

The National Review

On newsstands this week will appear a new journal of opinion: *National Review*. The editor and publisher young (29) William F. (God and Man at Yale) Buckley Jr. The first issue combines a conservative line (far to the right of the Eisenhower Administration) with a chip-on-shoulder, fiercely partisan tone reminiscent of left-wing weeklies in the '30s.

Leading a staff that numbers such one-time left-wingers as James Burnham and Eugene Lyons, Editor Buckley declares war on "the Liberals, who run this country." Of the 120 backers who put up \$500,000 to launch *National Review*, according to Buckley, nobody, "not even myself," owns more than 5% of the magazine's stock. The first issue (30 pages) has gone to 10,000 charter subscribers, plus 30,000 who got promotional copies. Buckley's goal: 100,000 readers.

Corner in Poetry

"Poetry," said William Wordsworth, "has never brought in enough to buy shoestrings." Neither has *Poetry* (circ. 5,000). In all its 43 years as a bell-wether of U.S. belles-lettres, while printing such "firsts" as T.S. Eliot's *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* and Carl Sandburg's *Chicago*, the monthly has struggled along with account books that would never scan. Last July *Poetry* seemed finally about to die. But last week, in poetry's biggest rescue operation since the Greeks went after Helen, *Poetry* piled up enough money to buy a carload of shoestrings.

The hero of the rescue was Chicago's Tycoon J. (for Joseph) Patrick Lannan, 50, whose enthusiasm for the poets' corner has been obscured until now by his zest for cornering corporate stocks (TIME, July 25). Yet for years, Lannan has wooed the muse with unpublished verse and unpublishable donations to *Poetry*. When he learned that the magazine might succumb to an unpaid printer's bill, he determined to give it all the benefits of high-pressure, big-business promotion. "I could have just given them \$25,000," he explained, "but that would have been the easy way."

Philistines. Instead, Lannan launched a thousand VIPs in a *Poetry*-saving drive. He persuaded Robert Frost to come to Chicago to read his poetry as a prelude to a \$50-a-plate champagne supper and literary auction this week, then lined up guests and sponsors to pay for the supper so that all the receipts would go to *Poetry*. He ran afoul of a few Philistines. Publisher Bennett Cerf refused to kick in, declaring roundly that "*Poetry* is dead," but when Lannan let that be known among the literati, Cerf came around. Louis Untermeyer thought the whole idea "vulgar" and *Poetry* not worth saving. "He's nothing but an anthologist anyway," sniffed Lannan. One Manhattan

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Sometimes a word is worth 1,000 pictures.

lawyer coldly refused to help, in the apparent belief that Poet Frost was some kind of subversive. "Don't you know there's a cold war on?" he asked in an angry letter.

But Lannan got impressive support elsewhere. Carl Sandburg called him "the St. John the Baptist that poets have been looking for since Harriet Monroe [the magazine's founder] died"—and agreed to do a fund-raising reading next year. Among the sponsors for the supper: Pierre du Pont III, William J. ("Wild Bill") Donovan, Daniel R. Topping, Charles Edison. Conspicuously absent was Adlai Stevenson's ex-wife Ellen Borden Stevenson, longtime *Poetry* Patroness who resigned from the magazine's board 18 months ago.

Lady Chatterley's Lover. The guest list swelled until Lannan's caterers had to send to their Manhattan supplier for more champagne, donated by Madison Square Garden President James Norris and Sports Promoter Art Wirtz. After supper, TV's Bergen (*\$64,000 Question*) Evans auctioned off letters and manuscripts by such literary titans as John Masfield, George Bernard Shaw, Thomas Wolfe, Harry S. Truman. Lannan put up his own copy (published in Florence in a limited 1928 edition) of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. In all, Lannan estimated the day's take at \$25,000.

That covered *Poetry's* annual deficit—and Lannan plans to make his fund-raising drive an annual event. Beyond that, he sees the task of putting the slim, pale monthly on a money-making basis. First step will be to hire a firm of management consultants to study the magazine's operation, possible markets and the future of poetry in the U.S. "Just as you would," explained a Lannan associate, "if you were thinking of buying into a machinery plant."

Corn Cure

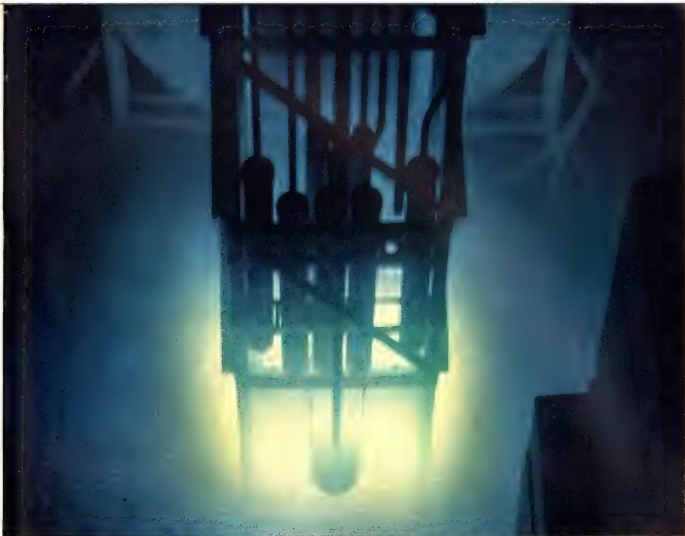
Good newspaper editors constantly war—and with occasional success—against the use of clichés in writing. But Editor Frank Knight of the *Charleston* (W. Va.) *Gazette* thinks that the time has come to

go to war against another tired type of journalism—the picture cliché. Thereby he has kicked off a lively argument in the November *Bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors*.

The *Gazette* itself, said Knight, has mounted an offensive against such cliché pictures as those showing official handshakes, proclamation signings, ground-breakings, posed shots of matrons signing checks for charity. Complained Editor Knight: "How many times, for instance, have you seen Secretary Dulles' picture always looking the same, whether entering a plane in Washington or coming out of one in Geneva? I've seen as many as 15 pictures of President Eisenhower move on U.P. Telephoto in one afternoon and evening operation." Other picture platitudes that irk Knight include the congressional hearing that always seems to be shot from the same angle, the baseball "slide" that always looks the same "except for the amount of dust being scattered."

Assistant Managing Editor William J. White of the New York *Daily News* agreed with Knight that quality could be improved if "editors [would] show their displeasure over these timeworn cans of corn and insist that the fotos get something new." But, he argued, if wire-service editors were to stop sending "every picture of Secretary Dulles leaving by plane for God knows where," editors would be the first to object.

Another cure for tired pictures was suggested by Toledo *Times* Executive Editor Kenneth D. Toill, who put "pretty girls in bathing suits" among the offenders. Editors, he said, should apply "some of the effort, meticulous attention, imagination and artistic talent" that go into U.S. picture magazines. Added Editor Toill: "If you don't have a city or picture editor with imagination, get one. Fire all photographers who are in the business because they once needed a job—any kind of job—and hire genuine artists with fine appreciation of picture composition, drama, pathos and humor; men who can take a fast look at any picture chore and see instantly how this can be made different. These are likely to be expensive."



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SCIENCE

Supersonic Bail-Out

The hair-raising story of the first pilot to bail out of an airplane at supersonic speed—and live to tell at least part of the tale—was released this week by North American Aviation, Inc.

On Feb. 26, Test Pilot George Smith, 31, left his bachelor apartment in Manhattan Beach, Calif. to buy groceries. It was a Saturday, and he was not supposed to be working, but he stopped at the North American plant to turn in some test-flight reports. Just as Smith headed toward his battered Mercury to go home, Dispatcher Bob Gallahue asked him to flight-test a new F-100A jet fighter so that it could be delivered to the Air Force. Pilot Smith put on his flying gear, got into the cockpit, checked instruments and controls. He noticed that the fore-and-aft stick movement, which raises or lowers the nose of the aircraft in flight, was slightly stiff, but he thought nothing of it at the time.

Nose-Heavy. Taking off with his afterburner bellowing full blast, Pilot Smith shot out over the Pacific and pointed his plane upward to test its rate of climb. He broke through cloud cover at 8,000 ft. At 35,000 ft. he approached the speed of sound, still climbing, and felt his ship get slightly nose-heavy. He tried to correct it but could not. Something had gone wrong with the plane.

At 37,000 ft. the airplane nosed over. Smith fought his stick, trying to pull it back and get the nose up again. He braced his feet against the rudder pedals and pulled with all the strength of his 6-ft.-2-in., 220-lb. body. The stick would not budge, and the airplane's path steepened into a dive. Smith called the airport tower over his radio: "Lost hydraulic pressure. Controls frozen. Going straight in." By then his dive angle was almost vertical. A pilot in an F-100 saw him head toward the cloud deck. "Bail out!" he begged by radio. "Bail out, George!"

Smith realized without prompting that he was in deadly trouble. He was diving much faster than the speed of sound. He knew that if he bailed out, the hard-fingered wind might rip him to shreds. Smith killed his engine and put on his speed brakes. The hiss of the wind filled the cockpit. His sleek aircraft was losing altitude faster than it was losing speed.

When he ripped through the cloud cover at 8,000 ft., Smith realized that he had two alternatives, neither of them good. "I knew that I had no chance at all by bailing out," he says, "but I preferred this to getting washed away by sand on the bottom of the ocean."

Clap of Sound. As soon as he made his decision, he blew off the canopy—and an enormous sound, like the clap of a big gun, struck into the cockpit. It may have been this sound that has frozen many a pilot who has jettisoned his canopy and then ridden down to death. Perhaps it

was a shock wave; no one is sure. But it frightened Pilot Smith as he had never been frightened. Terrified, he crouched forward (the wrong position for ejection). He does not even remember pressing the trigger that shot him out of the aircraft. The last thing he recalls is a glimpse of the machmeter, which read Mach 1.05. This is 777 m.p.h. at his altitude of 6,500 ft.

Smith remembers no more, but engineering analysis can describe roughly what happened. The wind hit his body with a force of 8,000 lbs., and he felt deceleration of 40 g's, so that his organs weighed 40 times normal. His arms and legs must have flailed like propeller blades. His helmet, shoes, socks, gloves, wristwatch and ring were stripped off. His seat blew away automatically; his parachute opened



TEST PILOT SMITH, AFTER BAIL-OUT (LEFT) & EIGHT MONTHS LATER
The plane looked like enlarged cornflakes.

and his unconscious, battered body drifted down toward the sea half a mile offshore. Air blast had inflated his stomach and lungs so that his body floated when it hit the water.

"What Airplane?" On the sea, luck awaited him. A fishing boat commanded by Art Berkell, a former Navy rescue specialist, was within 100 yards, and a fleet of Coast Guard auxiliary craft was maneuvering near by. Berkell started toward Pilot Smith even before he hit the water, and had him out in 50 seconds. He was semiconscious, partly delirious. "Anyone else in the airplane?" asked Berkell. "What airplane?" replied Smith.

Coast Guard boats closed in, and Smith was transferred to one of them. Radios crackled, and sirens screamed onshore. An ambulance was waiting at Balboa, and when he was riding toward Hoag Memorial Hospital, Smith heard a siren and wanted to know what was up.

He was deep in shock, with hardly any blood pressure. Plasma and whole blood were pumped into him. The skin of his nose was torn; his eyes were swollen shut;

his face was almost black. His shoulders and thighs were covered with bruises; a hemorrhage in his left eye poured blood continuously. His heart, kidneys, liver and stomach had been damaged by internal air pressure or the terrible g forces. He sank into unconsciousness, and, while he lay dully on his bed, Air Force and Navy flight surgeons tramped through his room. At one time 18 specialists were crowding around him. In all, more than 100 physicians inspected the only living man who had bailed out of an airplane at more than the speed of sound.

Childish Letters. On the sixth day, Smith regained consciousness. He could see nothing, but he thought he heard laughing voices. The voices cleared into words. Thirty ten-year-old children in Aliso Elementary School had heard the thundering shock wave of his dive to the sea. Their teacher, Mrs. Pearl Phillipson, suggested that they write to him, urging



Newport Harbor News-Press

him to get well. It was these childish letters, read aloud by a nurse, that he heard when he first awoke. Then, like shapes looming through fog, details of his flight came out of his memory.

While Airman Smith was still unconscious, Navy salvage crews began to search and drag for his airplane. No one remembered exactly where it hit, but one of the divers had happened to take a picture of an oil slick off South Laguna. By triangulation the point of impact was found, and after 381 dives, most of the airplane was fished up and collected in 44 barrels. "It looked," said a North American man, "like enlarged cornflakes."

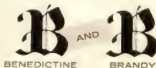
Medical reports on the Smith case weigh 4½ lbs. Engineering reports on the case of Smith's airplane weigh 12 lbs. The experts do not maintain that bailing out at more than the speed of sound is a safe procedure, but they are glad that at least one man has done it and lived. Now a pilot whose airplane heads for the deck in a screaming supersonic dive will know that he has a chance of survival.

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being devised on the basis of Smith's experience. A better parachute and helmet are called for, and better restraining mechanism for head, shoulders and limbs.

Smith is now in fairly good shape, considering. He stayed in the hospital six months, with a brief and ill-advised discharge ending in return for an internal operation. He has passed a physical examination that has restored his commercial flying certificate. He is not cleared to fly jets again, but he hopes to. And he hopes to be back at work soon in his old job as test pilot.

Death for Baby Lampreys

Poisons for killing off plant and animal nuisances are rapidly becoming more selective, so that they do their job without hurting species that man wants to preserve. Last week Dr. James W. Moffett of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service was getting encouraging results with a selective chemical designed to deal with the predatory eel-like sea lamprey which has invaded the Great Lakes and almost exterminated the valuable lake trout (TIME, May 9). The lamprey, which bypassed Niagara Falls via the Welland Ship Canal,



Graphic—Stanley—Lowe
LAMPREY & PREY
Five at a blow.

attaches itself to fish with a tooth-armed sucker and bores and sucks them to death. It has done so much damage to lake fisheries that the U.S. and Canada are spending large sums to cope with it.

The lamprey's chief weakness is its breeding system; the adults (up to 2 ft. long) swim up rivers in early spring to spawn. The young lampreys, which look like minute worms, bury themselves in mud and lead a wormlike life, eating microorganisms. After five years of this, when they are 7 in. long, they develop toothy suckers and drift downstream to hunt fish in the lake.

U.S. and Canadian lamprey fighters have had some success with electrically charged fences built across the lampreys' favorite streams. Adult lampreys are killed or driven back by the electricity before they can spawn, but good fish are affected, too, and the fences are expensive to build and operate. Dr. Moffett felt it would be much better to find some chemical that would kill the infant lampreys in their burrows. The poison would have to spare the desirable fish that use the same streams, and no such chemical was known. So Moffett sent out a call for help, asking universities and industrial companies to send him chemicals that might do the trick. In the last 2½ years, the Hammond Bay Fishery Laboratory near Rogers City, Mich. has tested more than 5,000 of them. Out of this laborious



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screening has come a single compound that kills infant lampreys without hurting rainbow trout or bluegill sunfish. It is now being tested on other fish, and if it still looks good, next summer when the streams are low it will get a full-scale test.

The beauty of chemical treatment for lampreys is that it will kill five hatchlings at once. The adults spend only one year in the lakes, returning to the streams to spawn and die. If the poison were used liberally for two years in succession, it might make Great Lakes lampreys as scarce as bison.

Fossils of the Future

Ecologist Lee Merriam Talbot, 25, is an animal man by heritage: his grandfather, C. Hart Merriam, was the first chief of the U.S. Scientific Survey. So when the Survival Service of the International Union for the Protection of Nature, formed under UNESCO sponsorship, offered him a job, Talbot snapped it up.

The job was beyond the wildest dreams of the ex-Marine ecologist. His assignment: to travel through the Near East and Southeast Asia, paying calls on animals threatened with extinction, and try to figure out how to keep them from following the dodo. Last week Talbot was back in the U.S., having escaped extinction himself on several occasions by a narrow margin, and bringing curious tales about the "fossils of the future."

Rhino & Cures. The biggest of the threatened animals is the Indian rhinoceros, of which only a few hundred survive. A creature that only an animal man could love, it has the temper of a bald hornet, the odor of cattle-boat bilge water and the bodily build of a Sherman tank. It resents ecologists, as it does everything else, so Talbot made his survey from the back of a tall bull elephant. Once he came face to face with a mother rhino as she bathed her child in a mud wallow.

The elephant wheeled and bolted. The rhino charged, snorting in the elephant's wake and trying to gore him with her 24-in. horn. Talbot watched from the rumble seat as the rhino drew alongside the elephant and ripped an 18-in. gash in his side. Then the two animals veered apart as if on diverging rails. "I suppose," says Talbot, "that mama went back to her baby and told him: 'That's how it's done.'"

As Talbot made his rounds, he found that the trouble among dwindling breeds was almost always man, and that there was generally some factor involved besides mere competition for land and food. Rhinos, for instance, are persistently hunted all over Southeast Asia because they are believed to have medicinal value. The Chinese consider powdered rhinoceros horn a powerful aphrodisiac (it is not), and will pay \$2,500 for a single horn. Other parts of the animal, too, have honored places in the Asian pharmacopoeia. Cups made of rhino horn detect poison by shattering to bits or by making the poison bubble. Rhino shin is good for leg trouble; the hip cures female dis-



Walter Bennett

ECOLOGIST TALBOT

The trouble is almost always man.

orders. Even the dung is beneficial for skin ailments.

Lion & Oryx. Thus the rhino has been hunted almost to extinction. In Nepal, says Talbot, the Indian rhinoceros has another ecological problem. The Nepalese use rhinos to speed the upward reincarnation of the souls of their ancestors. The cure for delay in this process is to kill a rhino, sit inside its carcass, and drink to the health of the ancestor's soul in rhino blood.

Other threatened animals have different relationships with capricious man. The chief threat to the Asiatic lions has been glory-seeking maharajas, who have hunted the beasts with modern firearms, as their ancestors once hunted them with more primitive weapons. The result: few lions remain.

In Arabia Talbot found that the oryx, a handsome black-and-white antelope, is almost extinct because Arabs believe that to kill one is a great deed. In the old days of horses and spears, the feat was reasonably difficult, but today great motorcades of oil-rich princes of Arab chase the oryx across the desert with barbaric howls and the roar of powerful engines. One emir organized a 300-car hunt. Now the oryx has retreated into the Rub' al Khali (empty quarter) of Southern Arabia, where at most 100 survive. Talbot does not think they will survive for long. The same emir is after them hell-bent with airplanes.

Wherever he went Talbot tried to find out how the threatened animals live and how they can be protected. In some cases he thinks he aroused local sympathy. In one case he found that native beliefs are working in the animals' favor. The Burmese brow-antlered deer was recently on the verge of extinction, but now it is left strictly alone. The natives think that eating its flesh will aggravate venereal diseases.

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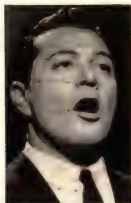
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RADIO & TELEVISION

Experiment

When NBC put on last week's Spectacular (Sun. 7:30 p.m.), it was doing more than merely telecasting a British farce starring Rex Harrison as an inconstant lover in *The Constant Husband*. For the first time in history, TV was giving the premiere of a feature film before the movie had been shown in any U.S. theater. Nobody is sure yet exactly where the experiment will lead, but at least three groups had reason to be pleased that it was being tried: the producers (London Films) got \$200,000 for allowing the new film to be telecast; the network made a profit by selling all the advertising space on the 90-minute show; the public had a first look at a new movie.

Moviemakers who pay to see *The Constant Husband* in a movie theater will still have an advantage: 20 minutes more of the picture and no commercials.



TONY MARTIN



DENAH SHORE

Singers should be heard and not seen.



EDDIE FISHER

The Week in Review

TV seems to be demonstrating that music should be heard and not seen. In emphasizing video at the expense of audio on musical shows, TVmen often sacrifice good sound, and sometimes good music, without managing to get good TV. The televisioner who closes his eyes and listens can hear how crude, sloppy and badly balanced most TV music is. Opening his eyes and looking, he can see how overbaked or tasteless the images that go with music can be. Last week's musical shows ranged from a brand-new opera to the singing of vintage popular songs. Most were calculated to make a music lover run to his radio or record player.

A Devil Raises Hell. The opera, Lucas Foss's *Grigfelin*, with libretto by Alistair Reid, was offered by the *NBC Opera Theater* (Sun. 4 p.m.). *Grigfelin* is a little devil whose tenth-birthday gift is to be sent up to earth to raise a little hell. When he does a good deed, he is banished forever to earth, where he happily becomes, minus tail and horns, a normal small boy. What with a singing letter-box

and dancing lions, *Grigfelin* was in the old operatic tradition. But the music did not sound much more inspired than the book. Most of the time the orchestra played far below the singers, as if it were off in another studio (it was), and in one dramatic crowd scene, where orchestra and singers are supposed to rise to a crashing climax, the climax faded out, as if the sound had got to be too much for the engineers, and they had put their hands to the controls (they did).

One of the most popular musical shows on TV, and the oldest, is NBC's *Your Hit Parade* (Sat. 10:30 p.m.), which offers musical dramatizations of the top seven tunes of the week, aided by the vocal efforts of Dorothy Collins, Gisele Mackenzie, Snooky Lanson and Russell Arms, and abetted by the orchestral ministrations of Raymond Scott. However many weeks a tune may hit *Your Hit Parade*, a different dramatization honors

it each time. The dramatizations also have a way of transporting viewers and listeners far off in space and time, and even in spirit.

A Song Before Supper. Last week *The Yellow Rose of Texas* was on a gaslit stage back in Civil War days, with drummer girls marching to its stirring beat. *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing* took place in a many-splendored pastoral scene (with a dismounted Gisele Mackenzie in riding clothes). *Love and Marriage* was in an abstract setting of sky and bliss, concluding with a wedding procession. *The Shifting, Whispering Sands* had Snooky Lanson looking like an obligato against a film showing "the beauty and terror of the desert." *Moments to Remember* (a comedy number) went to Africa, where a couple of big-game hunters were popped into stew pots by cannibals, and were seen singing before they became supper (Tarzan finally swung in on a vine and rescued the lady). *A Romantic Guy*, I became a top-hat-and-white-tie serenade, and *Suddenly There Is a Valley* went to a hospital, where a nurse (Dorothy Collins) sang her "song of optimism and

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faith" to a suffering patient. *Autumn Leaves* had a jazzy Red Riding Hood ruffle a slick "wolf" in a wooden glen.

The Voice of Firestone (Mon. 8:30 p.m., ABC) has a steady popularity as a family show because it offers light, semi-classic music that is sweet and sentimental. Its audio is not helped by a video that has a male model just sitting around while a soprano (Elaine Malbin) rather absent-mindedly strokes his cheek and reaches, not always successfully, for high notes.

The vintage popular tunes (Gus Kahn hits of yesteryear) were sung by Tony Martin on NBC's show of the same name (Mon. 7:30 p.m.). This show, like Eddie Fisher's (Wed. 7:30 p.m., NBC) and Dinah Shore's (Tues., Thurs. 7:30 p.m., NBC), is dominated by a handsome singer who manages to put the imprint of his own personality on the songs he sings. Nonetheless, it is sometimes disturbing to watch the curious expressions on the faces of even these popular singers as they grope for the right note and also try to arrange their features to fit the varying emotions of a foolish lyric.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Nov. 16. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

20th Century-Fox Hour (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). *The Late George Apley*, with Raymond Massey, Joanne Woodward, Ann Harding.

NBC Matinee Theater (Thurs. 3 p.m., NBC). Adaptation of Henry James's *The Aspern Papers*.

Football (Sat. 4:15 p.m., NBC). Southern California v. U.C.L.A.

Ford Star Jubilee (Sat. 9:30 p.m., CBS). *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, starring Lloyd Nolan, Barry Sullivan.

George Gobel Show (Sat. 10 p.m., NBC). With Peggy King.

Hallmark Hall of Fame (Sun. 4 p.m., NBC). George Bernard Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple*, starring Maurice Evans.

Omnibus (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS). *She Stoops to Conquer*, starring Michael Redgrave.

Medic (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). How the doctors tried to save Abraham Lincoln after he was shot.

Playwrights '56 (Tues. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *Daisy Daisy*, starring Tom Ewell, Jane Wyatt.

RADIO

Weekday (Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-6 p.m., NBC). Margaret Truman, Mike Wallace put together a day-long show of news, music, drama, chatter, oddities.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sat. 9:05 p.m., CBS). All-Wagner program. Conductor: Eugene Ormandy.

New York Philharmonic-Symphony (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Music by Beethoven, Brahms, Mendelssohn. Soloist: Mischa Elman.

Boston Symphony Orchestra (Mon. 8:15 p.m., NBC). Music of Mozart.



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ART



SPENCER'S "CHRIST PREACHING AT COOKHAM REGATTA: LISTENING FROM PUNTS"

Revelation in Cookham

"An academic, stylistic history of modern English art could be written without a mention of this artist," intoned London's *Times* last week, "but to omit him is to miss one of the most remarkable figures of the century." The *Manchester Guardian* agreed: "The most original artist of our time, a mystic to whom nothing is commonplace." The painter in question was Britain's puckish, eccentric Stanley Spencer, 64, who was being honored last

week with a retrospective of 83 oils at London's Tate Gallery. The paintings represented a lifetime devoted to religious themes—all depicted in the comfortable, everyday terms of barnyards, country lanes and the River Thames around Painter Spencer's small native Berkshire village of Cookham (pop. 5,900), 27 miles west of London.

Burning Bush. The son of a church organist, Spencer got his training at London's Slade School of Fine Art, served as a medical corpsman and infantry

soldier in World War I before returning to Cookham. It was in Cookham that Spencer had his day of revelation: "Quite suddenly I became aware that everything was full of special meaning, and this made everything holy. The instinct of Moses to take off his shoes when he saw the burning bush was very similar to my feelings. I saw many burning bushes in Cookham."

For Spencer, who patterned the Virgin Mary after his cousin, a milkmaid, it seems perfectly natural that angels in their visitations should call on Sarah

PUBLIC FAVORITE: Gross's "The Pit"

BERLIN-born George Gross, 62, is no newcomer to scenes of horror. It has saturated his work, from his earliest sketches of World War I's mutilated and dead to such latter-day oils as *The Pit* (opposite), done in 1946 and now a public favorite in the Wichita (Kans.) Art Museum. *A Little Yes and a Big No*, the title of Gross's autobiography, sums up his attitude to life. But though his little yes in the years since 1932, when he came to the U.S., has produced some pleasant, classic nudes and some sunlit passages of Cape Cod dunes, it is Gross's big no, wrenched out of his own past and flung violently across the canvas, that gives his work its strength and impact.

The Determined No. Each turn of Gross's early life in Germany seemed only to strengthen his determined no. Born in a lower-middle-class innkeeper's family and fatherless at six, Gross rebelled against his cane-wielding Prussian teachers, and was expelled from school. Turning to art, he made his way through Dresden's Royal Academy of Art, arrived in Berlin shortly before World War I.

It took only a few months at the Western front as an enlisted man in the Kaiser's infantry to turn Gross's boyhood love of military panoply into a deep hatred of war. He was twice invalided, the second time to a military hospital for the shell-shocked and insane. After discharge, Gross found the subject that made his reputation: the postwar nightmare of inflation-ridden Berlin. Gross glared at the world with jaundiced, penetrating eye, set down

the characters he saw in portraits etched in gall: frozen-faced Prussian officers, lecherous, high-collared industrialists, black-marketeers, mutilated soldiers, and the city's frumpish, lard-fleshed whores. Perversely, the rich enjoyed their own caricatures. But when the Nazis took over, they were not so understanding; Gross's savage anti-Hitler cartoons soon earned him a place at the top of their list of decadent painters.

The Reluctant Yes. Gross was saved from a concentration camp by an invitation to teach in Manhattan's Art Students' League. Though he threw himself into his work, he soon disappointed his champion, vinegar-tongued U.S. Painter John Sloan, by going soft, burying his Germanic virioli and trying to establish new roots as an illustrator. But as Gross himself noted: "It is not easy to keep repeating yes, everything's fine."

With *The Pit*, which Gross identifies simply as "the story of my life," the big no sounded loud and clear again. In it are the memories Gross has tried to drown in the oil of his canvases: a bloated soldier from his war years, carrying his own amputated leg; a drunken, alcoholic child; Gross's mother, killed in a World War II air raid; an opulent nude being clawed by a bodiless arm; gibbets full of dancing figures; and, brooding over all, the specter Death and a blood-smeared female Europe, satiated to the point of idiocy. Gross, who pulls no punches, says grimly of his bloody Mother Europe: "She is satisfied. She's eaten too much."



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Tabb, whom Spencer remembers vividly when "she knelt right down in the street at the time there was a thing called Halley's comet." On the day of the Resurrection, Spencer paints the whole Cookham churchyard opening up as the dead come forth. In one version Spencer portrays himself on judgment morn, leaning against a tombstone, his work apparently done.

Such treatment of religious themes, peopled with Cookham's ham-handed men-folk and bosomy barmaids painted in flat, low-keyed colors, has kept Artist Spencer a storm center. Harrumphed Fellow Artist Sir Winston Churchill: "If that is the Resurrection, I can contemplate with considerable equanimity the prospect of eternal sleep." But it has also brought Spencer fame, if not riches, including membership in the Royal Academy and the order of Commander of the British Empire.

Button for Perfection. The current Tate retrospective shows why. While earning a living by turning out popular landscapes and portraits, Spencer has devoted the past 22 years to decorating a "chapel in the air" whose dimensions are nothing less than Cookham itself, with the main street for the nave, the River Thames as "a side aisle." Into it, Spencer fits his Pentecost, Cana and "couples" cycles, filling them out with Brueghelesque pictures of everyday life. Nothing is too mundane to leave out. Says Spencer: "All ordinary acts such as the sewing on of a button are religious things and a part of perfection."

Latest work for Spencer's proposed chapel is a series on *Christ Preaching at Cookham Regatta*. For one panel, *Listening from Punks (see cut)*, Spencer has drawn on his boyhood memories of Edwardian regatta-goers who arrived for river-barge concerts. "From people listening to Bach," says he, "it's not such a long step to people listening to Christ. It's almost the same, nearly there. So I decided to make it Christ preaching a sermon." Spencer liked the idea so much that he plans to repeat the subject on the other side of the Thames as well. Neither Christ figure has yet been painted, but Spencer promises: "He'll be having a good time. He'll be better entertainment than the orchestra. He'll be the most regattaish thing in the regatta."

Degas in Wax

"I must learn a blind man's trade," French Impressionist Edgar Degas said sadly toward the end of his life. Faced with rapidly failing eyesight, he turned increasingly to sculpture in wax as the one remaining form left for him in his life in the twilight. Last week 69 of Degas' original wax statues, preserved over the years by a French foundry and only recently come to light, were for the first time on display at Manhattan's Knoedler Gallery.

Encased in the wax forms is the same magic world of ballet dancers, women bathing and race track studies of jockeys and thoroughbreds that Degas made

famous with his paintings. But the studies are far from being ancient relics from the past. The wax figurines by their very defects—the mark of being studio studies, their unfinished surfaces, even the thumb prints left by Degas' nervous, racing hands as he worked—gain a sense of startling immediacy.

Degas never meant his wax studies to be seen. He doubted his own results, wrote a friend at the time: "I never seem to achieve anything with my blasted sculpture." He often journeyed to the Hébrard Foundry on the outskirts of Paris to pick up pointers. In his lifetime, he exhibited only one statue, an awkward ballet *rot* dressed in a real gauze tutu and hair ribbon. But even this and a few other waxworks caused his friend Renoir to exclaim: "Why, Degas is the greatest living sculptor." Degas was not so sure, once remarked: "To be survived by sculpture



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Such studies as *Dancer Putting on Her Stocking (see cut)*, only 18 inches high, show what could have been lost. Working freely and using broken paintbrush handles and odd bits of wire for stiffening, the artist molded a quick study of a dancer observed at a moment where awkwardness and beauty balance. In its very casualness it is as close as the viewer can come to Degas' actual moment of creation. As such, it is well worth the study. For in his masterly ability to render form in motion, few artists have surpassed Degas.



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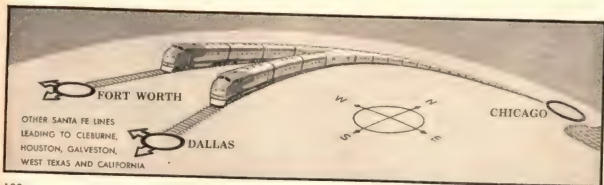
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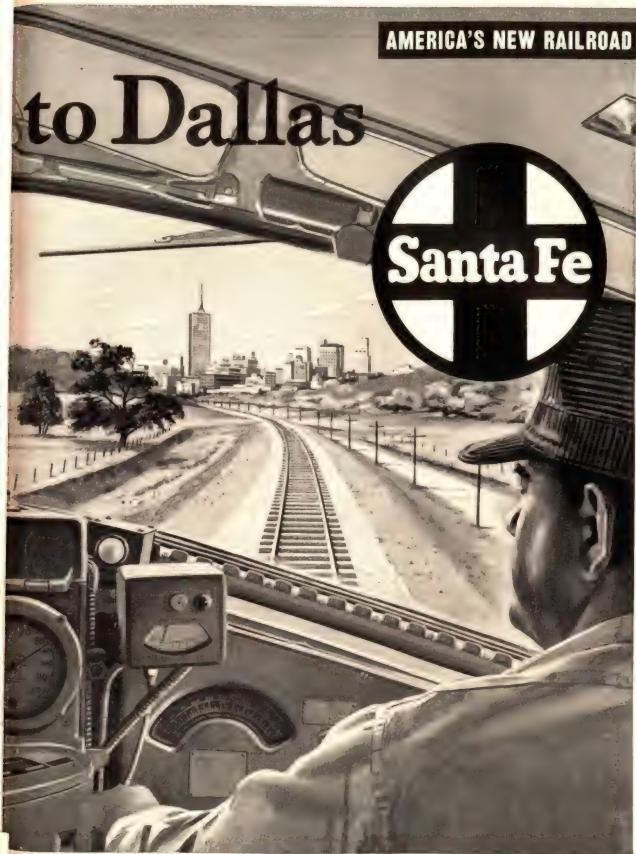
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[See Cover]

The president of the New York Stock Exchange, the citadel of American capitalism, is a happily extraverted man in a grey (or sometimes blue) flannel suit who seems little different from the hundreds of other commuters who ride the 8:00 (or sometimes the 8:17) from Greenwich, Conn. to Manhattan every weekday. But George Keith Funston is a man with a mission; he wants to make every American a capitalist. His method: persuade every American who can afford it to buy stock in corporations, thus share in the amazing yet steady growth of the American economy.

President Funston seems preordained for his evangelist's job. He is in the prime of life (45), tall (6 ft. 3 in.), ruggedly built (200 lbs.), and he has a boyish smile and an easy friendliness that make him at ease with Kansas dirt farmers, Milwaukee matrons or millionaire Texans. He is not interested in who sells the stock—or in what companies—so long as the stock is sound. Says he: "A very small amount of personal savings goes into direct stock ownership. I'm not interested in how we split the pie. I want a bigger pie."

Last week Wall Street was baking a pie much suited to Funston's taste: it was getting ready to float the first public stock issue of the Ford Motor Co. (TIME, Nov. 14). To Funston, this was a "landmark in the history of the ownership" of American business. To brokers, it was the biggest stock pie they had ever seen (\$400 million). And everyone seemed to want to buy a bite. Orders flooded in by mail and phone; thousands of people who had never ventured inside a broker's office got ready to shell out their savings at the magic name of Ford. Even the U.A.W.-C.I.O., which had flatly turned down an offer from Ford last May to permit members to buy stock at half price, now begged for a stock-buying plan.

Gold-Plated Group. To float the new issue, the Ford Foundation, which will get the proceeds, chose a collection of gold-plated co-managers to head the biggest syndicate ever formed in Wall Street. The names sounded like a roll call of the financial world's leaders.

Manager of the group is San Francisco's Blyth & Co., which was founded by Charles R. Blyth in 1914 with money borrowed on his Simplex car, is now one of the West Coast's biggest financial houses. As top manager, Blyth picked its Vice President Lee Limbert, 58, who has supervised the raising of billions in cash for such giants as Pacific Gas & Electric and Bank of America. Other co-managers:

❑ **Goldman, Sachs & Co.**, headed by Investment Banker Sidney Weinberg, 64, who knows Washington (where he has served for 22 years in half a dozen big jobs) as well as he knows Wall Street, and

who has had a guiding hand in Keith Funston's career.

❑ **Kuhn, Loeb & Co.**, headed by John M. Schiff, which originally specialized in railroad financing, and helped raise the cash to build the Pennsylvania and Baltimore & Ohio railroads.

❑ **Lehman Bros.**, bossed by Robert Lehman and one of the top utilities underwriters.

❑ **White, Weld & Co.**, presided over by Alexander White and a leading dealer in oil and gas securities.

❑ **First Boston Corp.**, run by James Coggeshall, the second biggest U.S. underwriter (first: Halsey, Stuart & Co.).

❑ **Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane**, which was started in 1914 by Charles Merrill, has grown under Managing Partner Winthrop Smith into the biggest of all U.S. brokerage houses.

The group is now signing up 550 securities dealers around the U.S. to help distribute the Ford stock, or rather, to ration out the 7,000,000 shares. The foundation wants the stock sold in small lots, and the dealers may parcel out as few as ten shares to a customer. The selling group hopes to work out all sales details so that the foundation can file a registration statement with the Securities & Exchange Commission by Jan. 1. With quick approval, the stock will go on sale Jan. 20. The price is still not set. But, on the basis of Ford's book value of \$38 a share and estimated profits this year (about \$6 a share), Wall Streeters guess that the price will be around \$60 a share and will quickly soar when trading begins.

Cardiac Recovery. The Ford stock could hardly be floated at a better time. The bull market, staggered by the "cardiac break" when President Eisenhower was stricken, has recovered its health. The Dow-Jones industrial average rose 21.69 points in a fortnight; in two days alone last week it went up 12.43 points in the fastest rise since November 1954, closed the week at 476.54, only 10.91 points below the peak reached just before Ike's attack. Railroads and utilities moved up also. By week's end the composite average of 65 industrial, railroad and utility stocks stood at 169.53, a level only 3.95 points short of the bull-market peak.

The doomsayers, whose voices had risen with the cardiac break, were conspicuously silent last week, and the ranks of bulls were growing again. The market's biggest worry right now is the 1956 presidential election. But fear that the election may have a profound effect on the market seems to have little basis. In the last 40 years, the market has shown a surprising impartiality in its readings of the election returns. It has gone up five times and gone down five times. It has gone up after both Democratic and Republican victories, just as it has gone down after them. Thus, while there was some difference of opinion on the immediate future of the market, there was a surprising



Fred Lyon—Roches-Guilloumette
Blyth & Co.'s
CHARLES BLYTH



Felton Bachrach
Group Manager
LEE LIMBERT



Dorothy Wilding
Kuhn, Loeb's
JOHN SCHIFF



Felton Bachrach
First Boston's
JAMES COGGESHALL



Ralph Morse—Litt
Merrill Lynch's
CHARLES MERRILL



Felton Bachrach
White, Weld's
ALEXANDER WHITE



Blackstone
Lehman Bros.'
ROBERT LEHMAN



John Zimmerman
Goldman, Sachs's
SIDNEY WEINBERG

unanimity of opinion on the state of U.S. business—and its future. In the long run, it is the state of the economy that will determine the course of the market.

A Bet on the Future. The economy shows no sign of weakening. The gross national product is now running at the rate of \$392 billion a year, some \$24 billion above last year. Disposable personal income is up to \$272 billion vs. \$255 billion a year ago. The total amount of disposable income and savings—the cash that investors could put into stocks—is also up. So are dividends: more than \$7 billion was paid out in the first nine months of this year, 9.5% more than in 1954.

Last week two more industrial giants

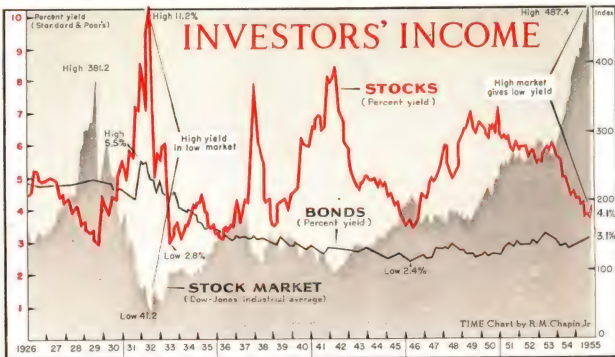
recent years, as judged by trading in odd lots (less than 100 shares).

The total amount invested in mutual funds, which are designed for small investors, has passed \$7 billion, and the funds are growing at the rate of \$1 billion annually. Some 50,000 small investors have joined the Stock Exchange's Monthly Investment Plan, the favorite stock-selling device of President Funston, and they now own 600,000 shares worth \$24 million. Another 2,000,000 are investing in stock-purchase plans set up by 350 companies in almost every industry.

Inevitably, with the market some 25% above the 1929 peak on the Dow-Jones industrial average, there are comparisons

week, only 1.4% of the value of all listed stocks. The SEC and the exchange itself keep a sharp eye out for any market manipulation. Exchange members (and their firms) who break the rules can be hauled up before the New York Stock Exchange's board of governors, where they get a stern grilling, and punishment if found guilty. Last year 20 or 30 brokers were disciplined; in extreme cases, they can be drummed out altogether.

This is only one important change in the New York Stock Exchange and the men who run it. No longer is the exchange a private club, run by its president for the benefit of insiders. The modern Stock Exchange has turned itself



announced their future plans. Chrysler President Lester Lum ("Tex") Colbert said his company will spend more than \$1 billion over the next five years for new plants and automated equipment. To express "our confidence in the economic outlook," Standard Oil (N.J.), the world's biggest oil company, announced that in 1956 it will spend a record \$1.1 billion on expansion: 50% on searching for new oil, 25% on refineries, and the rest for new transportation and marketing facilities to get its products to consumers.

Little Man Beware. In Wall Street there are still some experts who distrust the supposedly uninformed small investors; they like to quote the old saw that "when the little man comes in, it is time for the professional to get out." Actually, thanks to President Funston and the vigorous campaigning of brokerage houses that conduct stock-market classes all over the U.S., the small investor is an increasingly well-informed buyer. He has done about 19% of all the buying and selling in

to '29—and the disaster that overtook small (as well as big) investors. But there is as little resemblance between the '55 and '29 markets as there is between the dynamic expansion of the American economy in 1955 and the static economy of 1929, when more and more stocks were floated on the same productive base. Furthermore, most of the rules of the game are different.

Changing the Rule. In 1929's wide-open trading, brokers had wide latitude, could set margin requirements as low as 20%. Stock pools, and a hundred other maneuvers to manipulate the market, were part of the game. Even companies themselves helped pyramid the shaky market, dumping in funds for margin buying. When the funds were pulled out, it helped bring on the collapse.

In today's market, the Federal Reserve Board sets all margin requirements. Now fixed at 70%, they have discouraged excess speculation. Customers' margin-buying debt was \$2.9 billion last

into a quasi-public institution, well aware of its responsibility to investors. The changes did not come without protest and bitter fighting. During the 1933 congressional investigation of the market, Exchange President Richard Whitney rumbled: "The exchange is a perfect institution." He was hopelessly out of date. Congress rammed through the Securities Act of 1933 and Securities Exchange Act of 1934; the reforms were put through with the help of Broker William McCleskey Martin Jr., now chairman of the FRB. By 1938, Old Guardsman Whitney was in Sing Sing, guilty of embezzling his customers' funds. In came the Young Turks, with Martin as president, to help the exchange police itself. In 1941 Emil Schram, onetime head of the Reconstruction Finance Corp., assumed the presidency and laid the groundwork for the new policy, which was summed up by a top broker: "If capitalism is to be maintained, the Stock Exchange has to be accepted by the public, a place where



WALL STREET SPECIALISTS: STOTT, KELLOGG, COLEMAN, EINHORN, MEEHAN
Always in the middle.

Martha Holmes

we can raise the capital we need. We have to get people out of the idea that the exchange is just a big gambling den."

Barefoot Boy. In pursuit of this policy, Funston took over as president in 1951 at \$100,000 a year. A business-trained educator whose most important job had been president of Trinity College in Hartford, Conn. (student pop. 900), he seemed like a kind of barefoot boy in Wall Street. He knew little about the intricacies of speculative finance, still shocks brokers by gaps in his financial knowledge. But he did have a lot of ideas on how the Stock Exchange could better sell itself to the public, and he went right to work.

Among his first moves was a long-range, nationwide investment campaign: "Own your share of American business." He has doubled the exchange's advertising budget to \$1,100,000 a year, still thinks it is "only a drop in the bucket, but we hope ripples will go out from it." He has set up a dozen displays around the nation, plugging share ownership, pepped up the organization's monthly magazine to a net paid circulation of 100,000, made three movies including a color film entitled *What Makes Us Tick* to be shown to schoolchildren, clubwomen and anyone else interested.

Out from the exchange offices have gone 12 million pamphlets, explaining how the exchange works and how to buy stocks. They caution that stock buying entails a risk, that shares can go down as well as up, that stock should be bought only after an investor has insurance, ready cash for emergencies. But again and again, the point is emphasized that a sound investment is a stake in the U.S. future. Shares should be bought for the long term, and buyers should not be scared out at a drop in the market. One result: interest in the exchange has increased so much that it is one of New York City's big tourist attractions, with more than 300,000 visitors touring it annually.

Funston also worked hard on the exchange's internal and industry problems. He bolstered the exchange's research and statistical department, is now encouraging smaller member firms to pool resources to lease I.B.M. machines and wire services, revamp their procedures in dozens of ways

to help both themselves and their customers. When a fight flared up over extending trading hours past the usual 3 p.m. close, Funston characteristically ran a survey to find out what members wanted finally pushed through a half-hour extension in 1952. But he made up for the extra work hours by closing the exchange on Saturday. With SEC approval, Funston also campaigned hard to boost commission rates for brokers, eventually convinced them by proving that many had been losing money on much of their business for years without knowing it; he started work on a \$6,500,000 program to renovate and add to the 52-year-old exchange building at 11 Wall Street, give everyone a more comfortable, more efficient place to work.

His special pride and joy is his Monthly Investment Plan for small stockholders, the first exchange plan to permit people to buy stock on a pay-as-you-go basis. Like many of the other things Funston has done, the plan is the center of a controversy, and Funston is the first to admit that M.I.P. has gone slower than he expected. Some brokers feel that the market is high for small investors, that they would be wiser buying into a mutual plan with its diversified holdings, instead of concentrating on a single company. In defense, Funston points out that M.I.P.'s risks are minimized by dollar averaging, i.e., by putting the same amount into a stock at regular intervals, the buying prices average out in the market's ups and downs. Says he: "When we started the plan in 1954, industrial averages were at 200, and everyone said it was too high. Now the averages are at around 470."

To plug M.I.P. and the exchange, Funston made ten major speeches this year, traveled 9,000 miles across the U.S. and to Europe. His weekends are often booked solid months in advance, and during the week, the nights he gets home to his wife Betty and three children—Peggy, 13, Gail, 10, Keith Jr., 6—in time for 7 o'clock dinner are rare family occasions. Only then can he relax, have a few friends in for an evening's talk, read history, or pop corn with the family.

Despite his never-ending work, which President Roosevelt once described as

"the worst job in the world next to mine," Funston usually seems calm and relaxed, gives no hint of the driving force that keeps him constantly on the move. A friend said: "Funston was a guy who had success on his mind, right from the start. I think he was thoroughly devoted to the idea that an awfully good place to start business was at the top."

The Man from Iowa. Young Funston had good reason to think so. He was born on Oct. 12, 1910, in Waterloo, Iowa, into a moderately well-to-do family. Later the family moved to Sioux Falls, S. Dak., where his father, George Edwin Funston, owned the International Savings Bank. Funston, an honor student in school and an ardent Boy Scout, seemed to have an assured future until everything changed in 1924. In a bank panic that year, the family wealth was swept away, and Funston, in his freshman year at high school, had to earn money to go to college. He candied eggs in a grocery store, became a messenger boy for a bank, a cashier's assistant in the local Morrell packing plant, finally got a scholarship to Trinity College.

He went on to Harvard Business School ('34), graduated *cum laude*, then got a job setting up a sales incentive plan for American Radiator, where he learned "not to talk unless you know what you are talking about." In 1940 Sylvania hired him away as sales-planning director; a year and four months later he was in Washington helping Banker Sidney Weinberg set up the Industry Advisory committees of the War Production Board, became Weinberg's protégé, and later an assistant to War Production Board Chief Donald Nelson. Everywhere he went, Funston's personality magically opened doors. Said a colleague: "He never battered them down. Doors opened as if by an electronic eye—the light picked him out, and the door just opened."

The College Door. The most promising door opened for Funston in 1944, when Trinity College, its finances in poor shape, desperately needed a president who was a salesman, educator and administrator rolled into one. At 33, Funston became one of the youngest college presidents in the U.S., immediately took a leave of absence for a year and a half to serve in the Navy as a lieutenant commander

working on contract termination. At one of his first faculty meetings on his return, Funston explained his credo: "Gentlemen, in order to be successful, you must look successful." He had the grounds landscaped, the buildings painted and modernized, went out to raise funds from the alumni and educational foundations. Funston would often just walk in, say: "I am the president of Trinity College. I hope you will be able to give us some money." All told, he raised \$5,000,000 in six years. Funston stopped paying professors on the same level the same salary, put them on a merit basis, boosted salaries 65%. Though Trinity's professors were cool to his businesslike, public-relations approach, those outside the college were not. Within four years, Funston joined the boards of directors of seven companies: General Foods, B. F. Goodrich, Connecticut General Life Insurance, Owen-Corning Fiberglass, Hartford Steam Boiler, Aetna Insurance, First National Bank. On each, Funston, as Weinberg says, "was a good director—independent and willing to do the homework."

Banker Weinberg, who had recommended Funston for two of the boards, proposed him for the Stock Exchange presidency, when ailing Emil Schram was ready to resign. The selection committee hired Funston because, as one member put it, he "represented everything forthright, was a man of such character as to immediately impress the public that the exchange was thinking more in terms of the public welfare than the securities business."

Tickers & Seats. Forthright President Funston's exchange is the world's biggest and most complex marketplace, auctioning off the securities of 1,090 U.S. companies. In a normal day's trading, nearly 2,600,000 shares of stock change hands at the rate of 100 transactions every minute. The exchange has 1,100 employees and officials, 400 of them on the trading floor itself; it has 500,000 miles of telephone and telegraph wires connecting it with 4,810 member and nonmember firms around the U.S. At trading posts, a platoon of 18 "quote clerks" give instant prices on the most active stocks to brokers phoning in over private wires; upstairs, another corps of 70 telephone operators keep track of 1,271 less active stocks. To send the news out to the world, a battery of new high-speed ticker-tape machines prints every transaction at the rate of 500 characters per minute on 800 miles of tape daily. In September's cardiac break, the tape was rarely more than two minutes late.

With the marvels of the electronic age, buying or selling from cities around the U.S. can be carried out instantaneously by the brokers of the exchange who hold seats (current price: \$86,000). Only members can buy and sell stock on the exchange floor. Merrill Lynch, with eleven exchange seats and 4,600 employees in the U.S., can take an order in Los Angeles for an active stock such as U.S. Steel, wire it to one of its brokers on the floor of the exchange, buy the stock and report back to the investor in Los Angeles

TIME CLOCK

PERFECT CIRCLE STRIKE, in which eight employees were wounded last month at New Castle, Ind., has lost members for the U.A.W.-C.I.O. In an NLRB election at Perfect Circle's three plants in Richmond and Hagerstown, Ind., the majority of employees voted against the union. The U.A.W. still represents strikers at one Perfect Circle plant.

GUARANTEED ANNUAL WAGE suffered its first major setback in Ohio, where voters turned down a referendum to allow workers to collect unemployment pay simultaneously from the state and private industry. If Ohio does not approve dual unemployment compensation by the June 1, 1957 deadline, Ford and G.M. employees in Ohio will take advantage of a substitute contract provision under which they would alternate between state payments and company benefits calculated to help make up the difference.

OIL MERGER will give Gulf Oil Corp., second U.S. international oil producer (first: Jersey Standard), control of Tulsa's Warren Petroleum Corp., one of the biggest U.S. producers and marketers of natural-gas products (total assets: \$141.5 million). Warren stockholders will get eight shares of Gulf for ten Warren shares.

NEW STUDEBAKERS are the highest-powered cars (up to 210 h.p.) in the low-priced field. To meet competition and win more than its present 1% of the market, Studebaker has thrown out its "sporty" styling, redesigned most models along roomy Big Three lines. The sports-car look will be retained only in a new "Hawk" line.

FREDERIC C. DUMAINE JR. and associates have given up hope of winning back control of the New Haven railroad, have sold their 131,000 shares of New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad preferred stock to a group friendly to Patrick B.

McGinnis, who ousted Dumaine as president. Union Securities Corp., a Manhattan investment house, bought the Dumaine shares, comprising 27% of all New Haven preferred, for some \$60 a share, giving Dumaine & Co. a \$35 per share profit on the stock.

HOUSING FOR AGED will be pushed by the Housing and Home Finance Agency, which plans to ask Congress for permission to guarantee up to 90% of 40-year, 4½% loans by private banks for low-cost apartments, sponsored by unions and fraternal groups, for those over 60.

AIR LINE PILOTS Association may be expelled from the A.F.L. because pilots have been crossing picket lines during the International Association of Flight Engineers' strike against United Airlines. The A.F.L.'s National Executive Council has suspended the Pilots Association and will recommend its expulsion at the next A.F.L. convention.

JOB-GRADED LUMBER will help do-it-yourself carpenters select the grades they need. Western lumber mills (which produce about one-third of all U.S. soft wood) plan to abandon the old, complicated system of grading by numbers, will use names instead: construction, standard, utility or economy.

U.S. PROSPECTORS will soon start looking for oil and minerals in Yemen, one of the last undeveloped Middle East nations. A new Washington company, headed by Walter S. Gabler, foreign-investment specialist, and Presidential Crony George E. Allen, has obtained exclusive exploration rights for six years.

GERMAN AUTO BOOM is slowing down as a result of new tariff regulations by other European nations, e.g., Belgium and Sweden. Two big German automakers, Borgward and Goliath, are laying off workers. Giant Volkswagen will cut to a five-day work week early next year.

the price he paid—all in an average time of two minutes.

The Chance-Takers. Most of the actual trading is done by some 650 brokers, but the key men on the exchange floor are the comparatively small crew of 350 "specialists." They rank among the last great chance-takers of free enterprise, are probably in the only business where a man can lose a fortune in a few hours. "They're the guys," says Funston, "who insure your always being able to find someone who wants to do exactly the opposite from what you want to do, and at a price very close to the last one quoted."

Acting both as middlemen for other brokers and traders in their own right, the specialists are responsible for maintaining an orderly, liquid market in the stocks they handle. To keep stocks from going up or down too fast, specialists must buy when no one wants to buy, sell when

everyone else wants to buy. To do the job right takes millions. Top specialists can lose as much as \$200,000 or \$300,000 in the space of a few hours—and can make that much. During the cardiac break, the specialists gambled \$80 million to put a floor under their stocks. Luckily, the market soon went up again.

Among the top specialists:

¶ Robert L. Stott, 54, partner in Wagner, Stott & Co. with stocks of 18 different companies (Union Carbide, Gulf Oil, National Steel, J. P. Stevens, etc.).

¶ William Meehan, 41, head of M. J. Meehan & Co. with 25 stock issues (RCA, National Cash Register, R.K.O., Deere & Co., etc.).

¶ James Crane Kellogg III, 40, senior partner in Spear, Leeds & Kellogg, Wall Street's biggest specialists firm with 53 stocks (American Airlines, Boeing, General Tire, Union Oil, etc.), who put up



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Please send me a copy of booklet 10L explaining how to control the coffee-break with R-M dispensers.

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Firm.....
Street.....
City..... Zone..... State.....



EXCHANGE PRESIDENT FUNSTON & FAMILY® POPPING CORN
The doors opened as if by an electronic eye.

Martha Holmes

\$618,000 for 25,000 shares of American Airlines alone to support the market during the cardiac break, at one point was \$163,000 in the hole.

John Coleman, 53, head of Adler, Coleman & Co. (53 stock issues, including American Tobacco, Armour, Motorola). Benjamin Einhorn, 48, partner in Astor & Rose, which handles Sperry Rand and 14 other stocks.

Up Dividends. Looking at 1955's stock market, Wall Street's specialists think that it is based, to a large degree, not on speculation but on the present prosperity and the bright future of U.S. business. For the first half of 1955, corporate profits after taxes hit an annual rate of \$21 billion, 162% better than 1920. And the forecast for the second half year is even better: profits of \$23 billion, well over last year's figure and almost equal to the 1950 record. On the basis of sales and earnings, many stocks are not regarded by Wall Streeters as too high. The price-earnings ratio which economists use as a barometer of market health shows Moody's industrials priced at 13.6 times annual earnings v. 17.3 times earnings in 1920. Furthermore, investors are getting the biggest returns ever; dividends will reach an estimated \$11 billion by year's end, \$1 billion better than 1954. \$5.2 billion better than in both 1929 and 1946, when the World War II bull market ended. However, there is little doubt that some stocks are too high in relation to earnings and dividends. Stock-bond yields *i.e.*, the rate of dividends on a stock v. the interest rate on a bond, have been narrowing steadily (*see chart*), are now only 1% apart. Thus, in a high market with lower stock yields, investors have normally tended to shift away from

stocks, buy bonds for added security, and thus start the market down. In the current market, some 100 of the 958 dividend-paying stocks on the Big Board are paying less than high-grade bonds, *e.g.*, I.B.M. (at 399), Du Pont (at 237), Amerada Petroleum (at 87).

But many brokers question whether the fact that stock yields are close to bond yields will cause much of a shift into bonds. High income taxes have discouraged buying for dividends alone; many investors are buying more for growth and capital gains, thus are willing to purchase stocks that are selling for 20 and 30 times earnings, although a stock that sold for 10 times earnings was once considered about right.

Actually, the scramble for blue chips, which are the stocks chiefly used in the averages that measure the market, has made the overall market look higher than it is. Many lesser-known stocks have had only a modest rise and many have even fallen. Last week, 38 stocks were at their lows for the year, and others were from 10% to 30% below their bull-market highs.

Nevertheless, so much stock is being sold away for long-term investment that, despite a 212% increase in 25 years in the number of shares listed, there is a growing shortage of stock. Wall Streeters predict that big institutional investors—trust funds, insurance companies, and pension plans—will own \$50 billion worth of stock by 1965, or 24% of all stock on the exchange. Assuming that small investors keep buying, the exchange will need a great deal more stock to satisfy the de-

From left: Peggy, 13, Mrs. Funston, Gail, 10, Keith Jr., 6.



"Right off the bat I noticed that Wausau people are proud of whatever job they do. Take young Jerry Olshanski. I met Jerry on his newspaper route. Since I used to deliver papers, too, we had some fun kidding about the best way to 'roll for a throw.' By really sticking to his job, Jerry's been able to buy himself a bicycle, a boat and even an outboard motor. While we talked Jerry kept right on working. He prided himself on never keeping a customer waiting."



"One of the things I liked most about Wausau is the friendliness of the folks I met. I wanted to find out about them, but they were just as interested in knowing who I was. Something Bob Hertz (left) of the Hertz South Side Drugs said really stuck with me. 'Whatever we do in Wausau—whether it's a community project or business—we try to do the best we can. Bob's a good example. His store has shown a gain every single month for 9 years!'"

"They really have their hearts in their business," comments Dr. West's John Weber, as he visits Wausau, Wisconsin, to tell this

Wausau Story

In the pictures and captions on this page you will find three interesting examples of the 'Wausau way' of doing business—as told by John "Jake" Weber, assistant to the President of Weeco Products Company (makers of Dr. West's dental products). You will find still another example of this energetic Wausau personality in Employers Mutuals. Here is our story. Employers Mutuals writes all lines of casualty and fire insurance, including automobile. And we are one of the very largest in the field of *workmen's compensation*.

Our policyholders include some of the country's best-known firms. Yet a great part of our business is with

companies employing a small number of people.

Policyholders like the way we handle their claims—with speed and a fairness that bends over backwards. They like the *extras*, in service and understanding, that are behind every Employers Mutuals of Wausau policy.

All policyholders, large and small, appreciate our fresh enlightened view of workmen's compensation. We don't believe such insurance is just a convenient way to pay accident claims. Under Employers Mutuals' supervision, it can actually lower costs of production and improve overall profits. Phone our nearest office, or write Wausau, Wisconsin.



"You don't hardly get this kind anymore. An old-fashioned popcorn wagon! It's been operated in the same spot in downtown Wausau for 33

years!...by Herb Eiden as it was by his Dad before him. 'It's like a hitching post' says Herb, 'where people can relax and forget their problems a bit.'"

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



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are we squeezing it dry?

The world's consumption of life-giving water is growing at an alarming rate.

In our country alone, the average family uses about 300 gallons daily.

Industry needs billions of gallons more. By 1975 demand is expected to double. Yet the amount of rainfall remains the same. And erosion of moisture-holding soil is a continuing problem.

America's waterworks engineers work tirelessly to assure your family and your business plenty of water. But they need . . . and deserve your help. So use, enjoy Nature's most precious commodity...but conserve water wherever you can. Support the forward-looking plans of your water officials.

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mand. And stock prices, as in any marketplace, are likely to follow demand.

The Cash Flow. As U.S. industry winds up a record-smashing year, economists hold out prospects for still better earnings and dividends to come. The "cash-flow" of U.S. industry is enormous—money which does not show up in earnings because it is used for fast tax amortization. General Motors' cash flow in 1954 was \$11.72 per share v. \$9.08 reported as net profit; U.S. Steel's \$8.19 against the net of \$6.45. Overall for 1954, cash-flow earnings for the stocks in the Dow-Jones industrial average were more than 50% higher than reported earnings. Thus, as new plants and facilities are paid off, more and more of industry's cash flow will show up as net profit. Even if business levels off or turns down slightly, dividends may rise. By 1959, economists predict that dividends may well increase by 50% to a total \$16 billion annually.

Historically, the stock market has often been out of tune with the rest of the U.S., largely because investors represented a comparatively small part of the population. But, as the base of stock ownership has been broadened, the market has proved itself well able to withstand the shocks of the cold war and the Korean war, just as the economy has continued to grow through all the troubles. Stock Exchange President Funston thinks that the more small investors who buy stock, not for speculation, but for the long pull, the stronger the market will be—and the better it will reflect the state of the nation. Says he: "Never has a business had a better opportunity to do something good for the country and at the same time for itself. It's a natural."

AVIATION

Jets: U.S. Orders

American Airlines, biggest U.S. domestic line, last week signed up in the jet race. It ordered 30 Boeing 707s costing \$135 million. National Airlines (New York to Miami) also committed itself to buy jets. It ordered six DC-8s from Douglas for \$56 million. American will start receiving its 575-m.p.h. (up to 125-passenger) planes in March 1959, two months before any other domestic line gets any jets, and plans to be the first to put them into operation between New York and Los Angeles. Target date: June 15, 1959.

Jets: British Cancellations

As U.S. jetmakers got ready to take off, Britain dropped out of the long-range jet race. In London the Ministry of Supply announced the canceling of the R.A.F. contract for the Vickers-Armstrongs Type 1,000 jet transport, the jet which British planemakers hoped would compete with Boeing and Douglas. The only jet transport now abuilding for commercial use is de Havilland's Comet Four, scheduled for delivery about the same time as the Boeing. But the Comet is slower, smaller and has a shorter range (no nonstop transatlantic flights).

New R/M Drive Gives Industry More Power

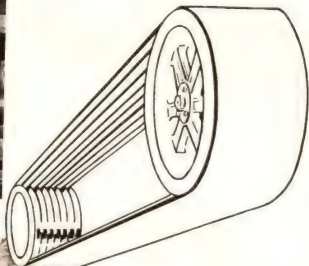
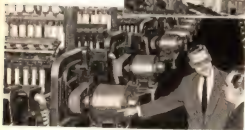


On many oil field slush pumps, R/M Poly-V Drives are delivering more power in less space than multiple V-belt drives.

The vital fresh air supply to underground mines depends on an unfailing fan drive. In this fan house, 2½ miles up a canyon and difficult to reach for winter maintenance, changing to R/M Poly-V provided a reliable drive.



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TIME, NOVEMBER 21, 1955



This announcement appears for purposes of record.

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THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

A Hafful of Rain (by Michael V. Gazzo) concerns a drug addict. Young Johnny Pope picked up the habit while a hospitalized war veteran, shook it off, and now—with his wife expecting a child—is on the needle again. Tormented by his cravings, he is also tormented by the brutal, scrounging pushers who can supply the drugs. His well-meaning brother knows of his vice and has given him money for it; his unhappy wife does not know and can only blame some unknown woman for his neglect and his absences from home. Out of such a situation emerges a highly theatrical problem play.

Harrowingly effective at times, *A Hafful of Rain* yet proves an unsatisfying whole. For one thing, it has too many facets. Besides Johnny's relation to himself and his wife, there is a complicated, rather confusing relationship with his father and brother. There is the moral question of his brother's supplying Johnny with money, the personal question of his brother's being in love with Johnny's wife. Along with the problem of taking drugs, there is the problem of getting them. In other hands, this complex of elements might strengthen and deepen the story. But Playwright Gazzo is shakiest as a craftsman, and what might enrich only diffuses, what might add to the reality ends by subtracting from it.

With the help of good acting, the play has scenes of frightening power. But it highlights the behaviorism of junkies rather than the psychology, and ends up more a scare piece than a genuine study. Its naturalistic manner is drapery rather than flesh; it simply gives a New Look and a domestic air to melodrama. The melodrama itself is never stunted: the dope peddlers, for example, pay off as theater but bulk much too large for a serious problem play.

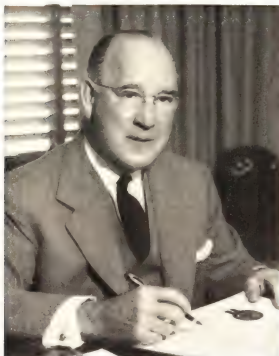
Ben Gazzara does a striking virtuoso job as Johnny, and Anthony Franciosa a rewarding one as his brother. But the top performance is Cinemastress Shelley Winters as the wife: she seems like some one honestly groping in a human drama rather than skillfully functioning in an uneven stage piece.

New Musical in Manhattan

The Vamp (music and lyrics by James Mundy and John Latouche; book by John Latouche and Sam Locke) goes to the early silent-film days for its fun, and comes back empty-handed. Considering the many experienced people involved, this constitutes a kind of feat in reverse. Comedienne Carol Channing alone should, at the very least, give an aura to defeat. And *The Vamp* often seems to be Carol Channing alone, but however well or hard she works, she herself seems a little defeated. The show itself, for the most part, just lies on its side and stubbornly refuses to move.

The all too movielike story of *The*

TIME, NOVEMBER 21, 1955



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GEORGE BURNETT, (right) Olin Mathieson Credit Union treasurer, and carpentry foreman, Joe Hindman, discuss advantages of credit union loans. Members often pay cash with these low-cost loans to save on carrying charges on purchases.



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Vamp—laid in the era when moviemaking shifted from East Coast to West—turns Carol Channing from a lummoxy farm girl to a reigning screen vamp, while getting in her way or following in her wake are up-from-corsets movie producers, snakehearted ingénues, oriental shenanigans and Biblical films. But what chiefly ails the story is that it never really evokes 1914, or early Hollywood, or actual vamps; there is no fondness to its memories or sharpness to its stings.

A juiceless book is not the only culprit. The music is chiefly loud, and at

their best Robert Alton's dances are just conventionally lively. Actress Channing only intermittently victorious. She has her real moments, with her round, seeringly lidless eyes or her rumbling subwoofers of a voice; she can pronounce a word, though bending it in two, or rush feverishly about her various farm chores, though running bases in some mad game played on Mars. But her large-limbed wackiness, so wildly wrong for Gladiators and Lorelei Lees as to prove wonderfully right, is not quite suited to spoofing high-powered vamps.

MILESTONES

Born. To Emmett Kelly, 56, famed handbag clown of the Ringling Bros. Circus and Hollywood (*The Greatest Show on Earth*), and Elvira Gebhardt, 22, onetime circus acrobat; their first child (his third), a girl; in Sarasota, Fla. Name: Stacia. Weight: 6 lbs. 14 oz.

Married. Billy Daniels, 39, Negro nightclub singer; and blonde, Montreal-born Perrette Cameron, 23, who was hired last year as governess to his three children ("The children liked her, and so did I"); he for the third time (his second: Boston Socialite Martha Braun), she for the first; in Juarez, Mexico.

Married. Barbara Hutton, 42, five-and-dime millionheir; and Baron Gottfried von Cramm, 46, onetime top German tennis star; for the sixth, he for the second time; in Versailles, France (see PEOPLE).

Divorced. Victor Mature, 41, cinemactor (*Chief Crazy Horse*); by Dorothy Stanford Berry, 35, his third wife; after seven years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Divorced. By Peter M. Churchill, 46, top British secret agent in occupied France during World War II (no kin to Sir Winston); Odette (full name: Odette Marie Celine Brailly), 43, famed French-born allied spy who was arrested with Churchill by the Gestapo in 1943; after eight years of marriage; in London. Odette saved the life of Churchill (her commanding officer) by convincing the Nazis that he was only her husband who had entered spying at her insistence. She was tortured and imprisoned for two years, escaped to the U.S. lines in 1945, rejoined Churchill in London, where she later married him.

Divorced. Hoagy Carmichael, 55, top-notch popular composer (*Stardust*, *Lazy Bones*), smoky-voiced singer of TV, radio and films (*Yvonne Man with a Horn*); by Ruth Meinardi, 41; after 19 years of marriage, two children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Jerry Ross (real name: Jerold Rosenberg), 29, composer-lyricist who with Richard Adler was Broadway's hot-

test new songwriting team (*Pajama Game*, *Damn Yankees*); of bronchiectasis, a lung ailment; in Manhattan. Since 1950 Ross and Adler, each contributing both words and music, have turned out more than 250 songs. Notable hits: *Hernando's Hideaway*; *Whatever Lola Wants*; *Hey, There, Heeri*.

Died. Robert Emmet Sherwood, 59, Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright (*Idiot's Delight*, *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, *There Shall Be No Night*), historian (*Roosevelt and Hopkins*), top cinema writer (*The Best Years of Our Lives*), ghost-writer (1940-45) of some portion of every major Franklin D. Roosevelt speech; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Martin P. Durkin, 61, Secretary of Labor (Jan. 21 to Sept. 10, 1953) and only Democrat in the Eisenhower Cabinet, president of the A.F.L. Plumbers and Pipe Fitters union since 1943; after long illness following brain surgery; in Washington.

Died. Julia Harpman Pegler, 61, wife of Columnist Westbrook Pegler, whom she married in 1922; of a heart attack; in Rome.

Died. Germaine Corbillet Coty, 69, wife of France's President René Coty; of a heart attack; at the President's summer residence, the Château de Rambouillet, near Paris.

Died. Archbishop Grigory, 86, Russian Orthodox Metropolitan of Leningrad and Novgorod, who visited the U.S. in 1947 in a fruitless attempt to unite the Russian Orthodox Church in North America with the church in Moscow; in Leningrad.

Died. William Spellman, 97, onetime New England grocer, father of Francis Cardinal Spellman, Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York; in Abington, Mass.

Died. Adelaide Johnson, 108, famed sculptress and oldtime suffragette, whose statue (carved from a 7½-ton block of marble) of Suffragettes Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott stands in the U.S. Capitol; in Washington.

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CINEMA

Newsreel

¶ In another move toward closer ties between movies and TV, the National Broadcasting Co. bought 50% ownership of Joseph L. (The Barefoot Contessa) Mankiewicz' independent Figaro Holdings Co. NBC will finance future Figaro productions.

¶ After viewing a rough cut of Otto Preminger's *The Man with the Golden Arm*, United Artists decided to release the picture whether it receives Production Code approval or not. The story from the Nelson Algren novel deals with a young Chicago gambler (Frank Sinatra) who becomes a drug addict; thus it conflicts with the code's anti-narcotics clause. U.A. may have been influenced by the fact that Preminger's *The Moon Is Blue* which it released without a code seal made a killing at the box office.

¶ The box-office success of Universal's *To Hell and Back* spurred a rush of World War II and Korean war movies. Four have recently been completed; eleven are in the works. Among the prospects: Universal's *Battle Hymn*, Columbia's *The Good Shepherd*, Paramount's *The Proud and the Profane*.

¶ *The Blackboard Jungle*, rejected at the Venice Film Festival last summer, was rated "especially valuable" by West Germany's Film Classification Board, and theaters showing it got a reduction in amusement taxes. At the same time, U.S. Army and Air Force reviewers in Nürnberg, who had formerly banned the picture, reappraised it and released it for showings in Armed Forces special circuit theaters.

The New Pictures

Frisky (Titanus: D.C.A.) proves that the Italian moviemakers are no better at doing sequels than Hollywood. *Bread, Love and Dreams* was a pleasant little comedy that got its fireworks from the incendiary performance of Gina Lollobrigida as she scattered sex and devastation through the streets of an Abruzzi village, and in the manly breasts of Policeman Vittorio De Sica and Roberto Risso. *Frisky* assembles all of the old cast and most of the old plot for another run-through. But this time the razor edge of comedy has dulled: Gina's rowdiness is strident, De Sica's amorous posturings predictable, Risso's L'il Abnerisms boring. Like the picture itself, the earthquake that brings everything to a happy conclusion is anticlimactic.

Sincerely Yours (Warner) introduces Wladziu Valentino Liberace to the movie-going public in the role of Ludwig van Beethoven. Before the cameras began to turn, however, somebody began to have doubts. Was not Beethoven, after all, a somewhat limited personality? He was not nearly so famous in his time as Liberace is today, and besides he was a careless dresser. Liberace decided to "insist that

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all the different facets of my personality
... be included in the picture." As a
result, the Beethoven story seems to have
been combined with the plot of a well-
known melodrama. *The Man Who Played
God*. Liberace could now express his musi-
cal talents as Beethoven, and satisfy his
dramatic instincts in a part played by
George Arias. Even so, there were some
"facets" left over. Liberace listed them:
"Joy, sorrow, faith, love of family, love of
children, and honesty." Obviously, a third
theme was necessary: the story of a poor
man's Paderewski who is nevertheless "an
authentic genius" and gives pleasure to
the millions.

Out of this scramble of stories, Scenarist
Irving Wallace has spelled his tale. Pianist
Anthony Warrin, "a warm, perceptive and
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He lifts his eyes from the scales

faithfully buffed and his glass-topped
piano Windexed by a pretty young secre-
tary (Joanne Dru). She loves the man, but
he would rather tickle the ivories. In San
Francisco, though, the pianist has an expe-
rience (Dorothy Malone) that lifts his
eyes from the scales. He hurries the
young lady off to a museum, where he
serenades her on Chopin's spinet and
Mozart's harpsichord. ("Mozart," he con-
fides, "became a great composer. He was
decorated by the Pope.") And then, as he
plays *Liebestraum* ("A dream of love,"
he sighs in explanation) on Liszt's own
instrument, Pianist Warrin proposes. She
accepts, but fate comes between them:
the pianist begins to go deaf.

The doctors call it otosclerosis, and tell
him that the only chance to restore his
hearing is a "dangerous" operation called
fenestration. Liberace asks for time "to
think it over," and while the sound track
booms a medley from Beethoven's Fifth



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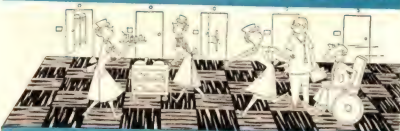
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Symphony, he paces about his penthouse with lips clamped in the expression of the well-known bust in the music room; but somehow, with his fluttery dimples and impetuous curls, he looks rather more like a pink plastic dolly with built-in colic.

The secretary does her best to comfort the man, "Beethoven," she reminds him, "wrote some of his best music after his deafness . . . You can compose!" To prove it, she breaks out a smarmy little melody. *Sincerely Yours*, that Liberace did in fact compose for this picture. The pianist plays it once and then tries to commit suicide. At the last instant, he is saved by another change of character: off with Beethoven, on with Arliss in *The Man Who Played God*.

Having learned to read lips, the pianist can follow, through his high-powered field glasses, the conversations of people in the park beneath his terrace. As he eavesdrops into other lives, other problems, his own troubles begin to seem less important. And so everything comes to a crashing climax in Carnegie Hall, as thousands roar for the Liberace rendition of *Cheer, Cheer for Old Notre Dame*, and the successfully fenestrated hero does a buttery little buck and wing off-right, and into the arms of his ever-loving secretary.

In plain words, the butt of 1,208,121 jokes (so estimated by the National Association of Gagwriters last year) is sitting pretty on top of the entertainment world. Liberace long since took TV, the nightclubs and Madison Square Garden into camp, and now Hollywood's scalp is dangling from his bugle-headed cummerbund. For *Sincerely Yours*, no matter if it be viewed as a music comedy or as a straight-out horror picture, is wondrously slick entertainment. It seems certain to make millions for Warner and plenty for Liberace (who will get a cut of the profits), and it should make him one of the most important and most peculiar cinema sensations in history.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Guys and Dolls. Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, Vivian Blaine in Samuel Goldwyn's \$5,000,000 version of the Broadway musical. It's a beaut, but Sam made the prints too long (*TIME*, Nov. 14).

The Big Knife. Clifford Odets grums away at some sour grapes, and spits the seeds at Hollywood; with Jack Palance, Ida Lupino (*TIME*, Oct. 24).

The Desperate Hours. A man's home is his prison in the thriller-diller of the season; with Fredric March, Humphrey Bogart (*TIME*, Oct. 10).

Trial. A termite's-eye view of how U.S. Communists bore a worthy cause from within; with Glenn Ford, Arthur Kennedy (*TIME*, Oct. 3).

It's Always Fair Weather. A sharp little musical that needles TV—without trying, of course, to burst the Electronic Bubble; with Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Michael Kidd (*TIME*, Sept. 5).

I Am a Camera. Julie Harris, at both hooch and cootch, is a comic sensation (*TIME*, Aug. 15).



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BOOKS

Djinn & Bitters

THE OCTOBER COUNTRY [306 pp.]—Ray Bradbury—Ballantine Books (\$3.50; paperback, \$.35).

Among readers who fancy vampires, succubi, werewolves and other monsters, a young (35) Californian named Ray Bradbury is regarded as the arrived monster-monger, fit replacement for August Derleth, eldritch statesman of the well-informed witchlover. Author Bradbury may owe even more to John Collier, another veteran djinn-and-bitters addict. Like Mary Wollstonecraft (*Frankenstein*) Shelley and Bram (*Dracula*) Stoker, these writers appeal to the middle or relatively uncorrupted brow, rather than the highbrow, who finds more than enough to bite his nails over in the Age of Anxiety without faking up a little more. The highbrow, in fact, whose modern poetic world has been defined by Poet Marianne Moore as "imaginary gardens with real toads," does not scare easily at imaginary toads, even if, as in Author Bradbury's case, the gardens are real enough.

This book shows skill and ingenuity in the business of saying "boo" to grownups, but sometimes the "boo" does not ring true. While horror may indeed lie below the asphalt of a city's streets, one does not enter that world—as does Bradbury's character in *The Cistern*—by way of an actual clanging manhole cover. Life may end as a pickled monstrosity in a jar of alcohol; with Bradbury, in *The Jar*, that end is only a beginning. There are 19 stories in this book, but the best of the lot is more rib-tickling than spine-tingling. *The Watchful Poker Chip of H. Matisse* tells of a fellow called George Garvey, so indescribably dull and ordinary that he

becomes the pet of an avant-garde group, as a symbol, apparently, of what is wrong with bourgeois U.S. They take to hanging out in his respectable apartment and quoting his unquotable bromides in their modish cold-water flats. Garvey beats the avant-gardists at their own game. He loses a little finger slamming a car door and replaces the member with a mandarin's jeweled nail guard.

He wishes he could do more, and one eye obediently goes blind. No Hathaway-shirt eye patches for him. He commissions Henri Matisse to paint him a blue-eyed poker chip as a monocle. *Harper's Bazaar* publishes Garvey's picture with his Matisse eye, and soon half the intelligentsia are playing poker with *trompe-l'œil* chips. The neat little spoof suggests that Bradbury would do very well if he came out from under that fright wig.

Café Talk of a Sage

THE LETTERS OF GEORGE SANTAYANA (451 pp.)—edited by Daniel Cory—Scribner (\$7.50).

Philosophy was George Santayana's shop, and after hours he liked to linger on at the café tables of the mind, sipping moments of beauty and watching the passing show with its persistent drama and recurring vanities. Even if building towers of systematic truths had been congenial to him, Santayana banished it with his basic premise, i.e., "Chaos is perhaps at the bottom of everything." His letters, edited by his longtime confidant and disciple, philosopher Daniel Cory, cover 66 years, from the year of his Harvard graduation through the teaching days and European travels to the comfortable room in the hospital retreat in Rome, among whose ministering nuns Santayana died in 1952 at the age of 88. Skeptical, epigrammatic, gracefully literate, the letters are not so much the adventures among masterpieces of a soul as of a finicky cultural palate.

Hasty-Pudding Lady. Just how finicky, the 22-year-old Santayana makes plain in the collection's very first letter, as he announces to a friend that he is starting out "avowedly with no other purpose but that of living in order to observe life." Perhaps this spectator role might not have appealed to Santayana so much if a New England chill had not entered his Latin blood when he was transplanted as a boy of eight from his home in Avila, Spain to Boston, Mass. Boston seared his youthful psyche with the indelible brand of the outcast, so that in his old age he could call himself, half joshingly, "a dago."

He was not treated as a social leper ("I acted in the Institute and Hasty Pudding plays at Harvard, dressed as a leading lady and a ballet dancer"), and Boston paid its respects to the "imported article," as he once tagged himself, by offering him the Harvard philosophy professorship which he held with distinction from 1907 to 1912. But he always sounded as if he



Harvard University from Bettmann Archive
PHILOSOPHER SANTAYANA (CIRCA 1900)
Good in football, kindness and jazz.

wanted his Greek gods to bomb the place. He fumes to William James: "I wonder if you realize the years of suppressed irritation which I have past in the midst of an unintelligible, sanctimonious and often disingenuous Protestantism . . . My Catholic sympathies didn't justify me in speaking out because I felt them to be merely sympathies . . . but the study of Plato and Aristotle has given me confidence and, backed by such authority . . . it is not I that speak but human reason that speaks in me."

Bird in Puritan Cage. In the main, Santayana bit his tongue and bided his time until his savings and a bequest made him modestly independent. In 1912, at the age of 47, he set off to live in Europe for the rest of his life. Escaped from his Puritan cage, Santayana had released himself not only for flitting from London to Paris to Florence to Venice to Rome but for strenuous mental flights in the bulk of his 30-odd works. The delight of the letters is that Santayana is always ready to stray off the course of his philosophic thought into detours of personalities and opinions. Some pithy detours:

❑ "Germans as far as I know have no capacity for being bored. Else I think the race would have become extinct long ago through self-torture."

❑ "The material world is a fiction; but every other world is a nightmare."

❑ "I think that art, etc., has a better soil in the ferocious 100% America than in the Intelligentsia of New York. It is vaneer, rouge, aestheticism, art museums, new theatres, etc., that make America important. The good things are football, kindness, and jazz bands."

❑ "I have just finished Faulkner's *Sanctuary*, and I think I have understood all the pornographic part, corn cob, etc. . . . I found myself also absorbed in the story as a whole, without exactly following the thread of it, which it would have taken



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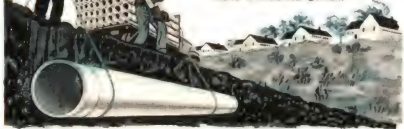
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me a second reading to disentangle . . . Like all these recent writers, the author is too lazy and self-indulgent, and throws off what comes to him in a sort of dream, expecting the devoted reader to run about after him, sniffing at all the droppings of his mind. I am not a psychological dog, and require my dog biscuit to be clearly set down for me in a decent plate with proper ceremony."

"The sea . . . has always been a great object lesson to me, a monitor of the fundamental flux, of the loom of nature not being on the human scale."

"I Must Stop Scrawling." Himself the monitor of a philosophic flux—materialism, rationalism, idealism, skepticism—Santayana reveals in the letters not the direction but the drive behind his thinking. To him, philosophy seems to have been a kind of verbal finger painting. As the nuns of the Little Company of Mary padded about him during the last decade of his life, he drew an appealing sketch of old age which also sums up much of his carefully Epicurean philosophy: "The charm I find in old age—for I was never happier than I am now—comes of having learned to live in the moment, and thereby in eternity; and this means recovering a perpetual youth, since nothing can be fresher than each day as it dawns and changes."

The book's last letter, written two months before his death, might have been addressed to the international company of his readers: "I must stop scrawling, although I have various other things that I should like to tell you."

Anthropophagite at Work

EXPLORING ENGLISH CHARACTER (483 pp.) —Geoffrey Gorer—*Criterion* [\$8.50].

"Do you think English people fall in love in the way you see Americans doing it in the films?" "Do you believe in ghosts?" "If a husband finds his wife having an affair with another man, what should he do?" "If you were told that a small child, say between 3 and 8, had done something really bad, what would you think the child had done?" These are questions* from a jumbo questionnaire answered by 11,000 readers of *People*, British Sunday paper. The questioner was the well-known culture cannibal, Geoffrey Gorer, who has in recent years dissected and devoured the Lepchas of Sikkim (*Himalayan Village*), *The American People* and *The People of Great Russia*. Now, with his trusty pack of I.B.M. cards at his side, Social Anthropophagite Gorer hunts the pale-throated English Norm through trackless wastes of figures.

Distant Cordiality. It seems, according to Gorer, that all Englishmen are average, but some are more average than others.

* The answers: 76% of Britons questioned do not think English people fall in love U.S.-movie-style; 17% do believe in ghosts; fewer than one-third of the men and one-sixth of the women would consider divorce the answer to an extramarital affair; four out of five named some aggressive act as a "really bad" deed in a child, e.g., "Pushed another child in the river."

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ers. Half the population calls itself "working class," finished full-time schooling at 14, is married, has a family income of £3 a week (as of the time of the poll in January 1951). This median type practices something Gorer calls "distant cordiality" with his neighbors. In general, this means that it takes an Englishman at least ten years to get to know his neighbors well, and then he may dislike them, e.g., "nosy" and "no help" when in trouble. Every second Englishman calls himself "shy." Love at first sight is not for him, and English engagements usually last from six months to two years. Some 43% do admit to "a real love affair outside marriage," either before or after. By contrast, the Kinsey sampling found 83% of American males and 50% of American females admitting to premarital sex relations and about 50% of married men and 26% of married women to extramarital relations. Half the men and two-thirds of the women in England disapprove of any sex experience before marriage, as against Kinsey's figures of one-third of American men and four-fifths of American women.

Cane, Thrash & Birch. British women say that what they value most in a man is "understanding"; men want a "good housewife." Men hate "nagging" most in a wife; the women complain of "selfishness" in a husband. Three men out of four believe women enjoy sex as much as or more than men; slightly more than half the women agree.

Children bring out a touch of the sergeant major in British papas. More than half are content to discipline by withdrawing privileges, but a sizable 21% are ready to cane, thrash or birch a boy. This is perhaps not too surprising in a country in which the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded in 1824, sixty years before the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. British mothers apparently feel that discipline begins at the potty's edge, and 60% insist that toilet training should start at under six months.

Horoscopes & Offshoots. Three out of five Englishmen believe in neither hell nor the devil. Almost 25% profess no religious faith; of those who do, 80% are Protestants, 8% are Roman Catholics, and a smattering of sectarians belong to intriguingly titled religious offshoots, e.g., Peculiar Persons, Toc H, the Countess of Huntingdon's Persuasion. Scanning their collective horoscope (as four out of five regularly do their personal ones), the British regard their strong point as "understanding and consideration," their weakness as "temper." One out of four also cited "excess of good traits" as a serious fault.

Reaching gingerly for Significance, Gorer wonders what ever happened to the aggressive Englishmen of Elizabethan and 18th century cock-fighting and bullbaiting days, and decides that lusty John Bull still exists, not cowed but merely caged. The high price of self-policing, Gorer thinks, is the gentle modern Englishman's lack of energy and loss of sexual



EXPLORER GORER

Discipline at the potty's edge.

drive. *Exploring English Character* does not exactly make hilarious reading, though it will bear browsing through for statistical confirmation of a lot of clichés about the English, and for some of the authentic voice-of-England quotes with which the text is peppered. Generally, in dealing with his countrymen, Author Gorer is far less sweeping than he was with Americans or Lepchas. Which suggests what can happen when one man's Margaret Mead takes another Englishman's poison.

German Mailer

ADAM, WHERE ART THOU? (176 pp.)—Heinrich Böll—Criterion [\$3].

This book qualifies as the German *Naked and the Dead* on the literary principle of silt by association. Author Böll, 37, known to U.S. readers for *Acquainted with the Night* (TIME, Oct. 4, 1954), lacks the power Norman Mailer showed in his first novel, but he wallows in the same mud-and-tears and reaches the same inevitable conclusion, i.e., war is a dirty, futile business. *Adam* has no heroes, only victims. The time is 1944; the place, principally occupied Hungary, as the mighty *Wehrmacht* comes apart at the tank sprockets. A panoramic miniaturist, Author Böll paints vignettes that are often sharp and sometimes affecting. A sergeant on a liquor foray for his C.O. finds himself on the shifting front lines, but clings to his suitcase full of Tokay until a shell mixes his blood with the wine. A captain with a hopelessly shattered skull keeps repeating a meaningless word, "Bjeljogorsche, Bjeljogorsche." A doctor says, as if he himself were making better sense: "He's up for a court-martial. He crashed on his motorbike, and he wasn't wearing his steel helmet." One man clucks over his buddy's baby picture as they drive a lorry-load of Jews to a crematorium.

Irony is a blunt instrument in Author

Lieut. General **LESLIE R. GROVES, USA (Ret.)**

Oil and the Atom

We did not know if an atom bomb could even be exploded until July, 1945, at Alamogordo, New Mexico. Yet as early as 1943, the reports from the Manhattan Project to the President stated the belief that our research aimed at atomic weapons for war would eventually result in major peacetime benefits for mankind.

By late 1944 it became clear that these benefits would first be in the form of new research tools, particularly in medicines and later in radioactive isotopes valuable in research and industry. We also felt that atomic power could come eventually.

The bright peacetime future of atomic energy made uranium a valuable national resource—a resource that had to be conserved intelligently without being hoarded in a miserly fashion.

As a result, the infant atomic industry carefully studied conservation practices of other industries—already experienced in dealing with an “exhaustible” resource. This, of course, included the oil industry.

We found that the goal of private industry is simply to secure the fullest return from our national resources, so that these resources may continue to be useful in our industrial life and economic development for many

years to come.

We found that it is part of the integrity of modern industry not to waste our resources. And the petroleum industry has proved itself a leader in the practice of conservation. By the use of research and scientific prospecting, the oil industry has increased the amount of known reserves, and opened the way for further discoveries of potential reserves.

By using efficient methods of production and processing, it has eliminated waste in the handling of petroleum, and has increased production of the more desired petroleum products from the basic oil.

It seems to me this is the pattern of conservation of natural resources as we know it. It is a pattern that I believe is also being followed in the field of nuclear power, through an intelligent combination of Government administration and the initiative and resources of private industry. And remember, the only reason the Government is in the atomic industry is because the National

Defense requires it.

The established oil industry and the growing atomic power industry—which, in a very few years, may form partners in producing the power necessary to our industrial strength—have grown, or are growing, within the framework of the American philosophy of conservation, the framework of the free and competitive American way of life.



Lieutenant General Leslie R. Groves, USA (Ret.) head of the wartime atom bomb project and now vice-president of the Remington Rand Division of Sperry Rand Corporation, has had a distinguished career as a military man, engineer, scientist and business executive. As head of the Manhattan Project, he was in charge of all phases of the atom bomb development leading up to the explosion at Hiroshima in 1945, and until January 1, 1947, when the Atomic Energy Commission was formed.

This is one of a series of reports by outstanding Americans who were invited to examine the job being done by the U. S. oil industry. This page is presented for your information by the American Petroleum Institute, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.



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Before I could stop, we were on the track. Engine stalled. And a train whistling at us!

You should have seen us scramble out! Before we could get clear, the locomotive smashed into my car. Why we weren't all killed I'll never know. Only a miracle saved us.

An ambulance took us to a hospital. Luckily no serious injuries were found. The hospital released us that evening.

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You can bet I was glad to see him! Still pretty shaken by our close call, I needed his help. He had my wrecked car hauled to a shop . . . saw the Highway Patrol . . . completed the accident reports . . . handled a lot of other details. Then he brought us back home in his own car. I am certainly grateful to my Hartford man for all he did for us that day!

For the total loss of my car, Hartford Automobile Insurance paid me \$2,200. Our medical expenses of over \$200 were also paid. Even the railroad's claim against me—\$770 for damage to the locomotive!

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Böll's hands, and almost every character is killed by it even before the bullets get him. The last to die falls screaming on his mother's doorstep. Having spent seven years as an infantryman with the German army. Author Böll writes knowingly and well of the stench and strain of war. But whenever the underlying self-pity shows through the chinks in his dead-pan mask, he seems bent not only on living the war again but also on losing it again.

Asian Friends

BARE FEET IN THE PALACE (370 pp.)
—Agnes Newton Keith—Little, Brown (\$5).

"I know just what your book will be," one sophisticated Filipino told Author (*Land Below the Wind, Three Came Home*) Keith. "You will write about your servants, your cook and *lavan-dera*, your houseboy and your driver. And you will be sweet and understanding about them." Mostly, he is right.

Author Keith's Philippines is still a place where buses are haunted by vengeful spirits of killed pedestrians and passengers delightedly applaud when a driver outraces a rival, where the press seriously reports the latest woman to give birth to miraculous twins, one a man-child and the other "the loveliest, dainty little four-legged roan mare that the neighbors have ever seen."

But Agnes Keith is a serious woman. The wife of a forestry expert working in the islands, she hopped perilously through the mountains by plane to talk to resettled Huk rebels, ventured into areas where two U.S. professors had recently been murdered because they inadvertently offended Iuagao tribesmen, watched appalled the privileged Manila society where "ladies of distinction paid a thousand dollars per dress, per ball," while "a hundred thousand Filipinos had no floors to sleep on." What moved her most was the struggle of the proud, engaging Filipino people toward democracy, culminating in the stirring election of 1953—a "miracle" in which the people triumphed in the person of President Ramon Magsaysay. All election night long, the Manila radio rebroadcast calls from outlying areas pleading for protection from goons lurking near the polling places—and all night long Mrs. Keith listened to the pleas and sometimes to the sound of gunfire, as the aroused voters fought their way to the ballot boxes. Later she followed the barefoot, wondering peasants into the hitherto forbidden Malacañan Palace to sit admiringly at the feet of their new president.

Author Keith suffers from the conviction that every least thing that happens to her, her husband and their only son George is of overwhelming interest, and she records their conversation in some of the least plausible dialogue to appear outside *Smilin' Jack*. Her saving grace is an ability to see men of many colors not as quaint objects but as individual human beings, and a warm faith in Asian friends which is refreshingly free of condescension.



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MISCELLANY

Hare Shirt. In Jersey City, arrested on a stolen-car charge following a wild police chase during which five shots were fired, Peter Rabbitt III, 20, blamed his heavy drinking and his long police record on his name: "Every time you guys ask me my name and I say 'Peter Rabbitt,' you look me up for being a wise guy."

Special Delivery. In London, Mrs. Malvina Sweden went to the National Assistance Board to ask for money to help support her five children, gave birth to her sixth in the board's office.

Also Ran. In North Adams, Mass., defeated in his drive to win a seat on the city council, Edward V. Dempsey submitted his expense form: "No contributions, no expenditures, no success."

Handiwork. In Chicago, with a divorce suit pending, Mrs. Eleanor Fitzpatrick had her husband summoned to court on a charge that he "tormented" her by constantly snapping his fingers under her nose.

Not As a Stranger. In San Francisco, the burglary trial of Edward J. Devlin was interrupted when a police inspector tapped Juror Vernon F. Bartholomew outside the courtroom, arrested him on a bad check charge.

The Line. In London, Joyce Wells Ltd., mail-order house, offered oil paintings for sale for only \$49.95: "A magnificent hunting panel, a lady with lovely eyes or a gentleman you will be proud to claim as your ancestor."

Through Channels. In Turin, Italy, Giovanni Petrini, 79, received official army notification that his promotion to sergeant, first proposed in 1895, had finally come through.

Relief Pitcher. In Norwalk, Calif., William J. Pivar was booked on a charge of malicious mischief after he threw an ashtray through a police-station window, told the cops who came out and arrested him: "I feel better now."

Big Steal. In Valcourt, Que., after he bought a 40-ft. bridge from the Canadian Pacific Railway for scrap steel and arrived with a crew to dismantle it, Marcel Guilbert was told by neighboring farmers that a group of men had carted it off piece by piece three years ago.

The Wrong Spirit. In Niigata, Japan, after her home was destroyed by fire, Mrs. Iwama, 25, protested in a letter to the Niigata *Nippo* that friends had been sending sake as a condolence gift: "At such a time one hopes that the men will work cleaning up the debris, but all they do is drink sake, talk much, get drunk, and end up snoring loudly. It is very discouraging to a poor housewife."

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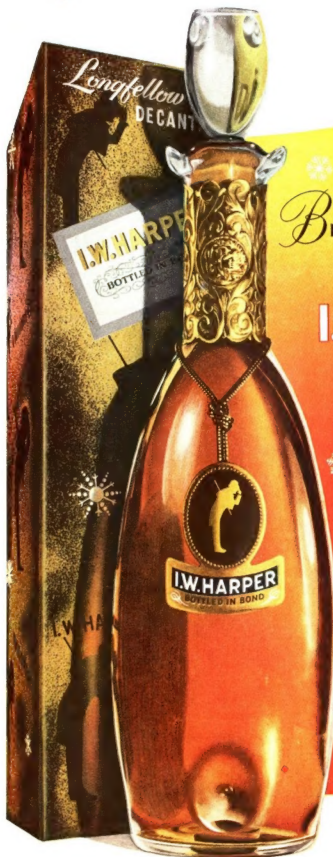
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